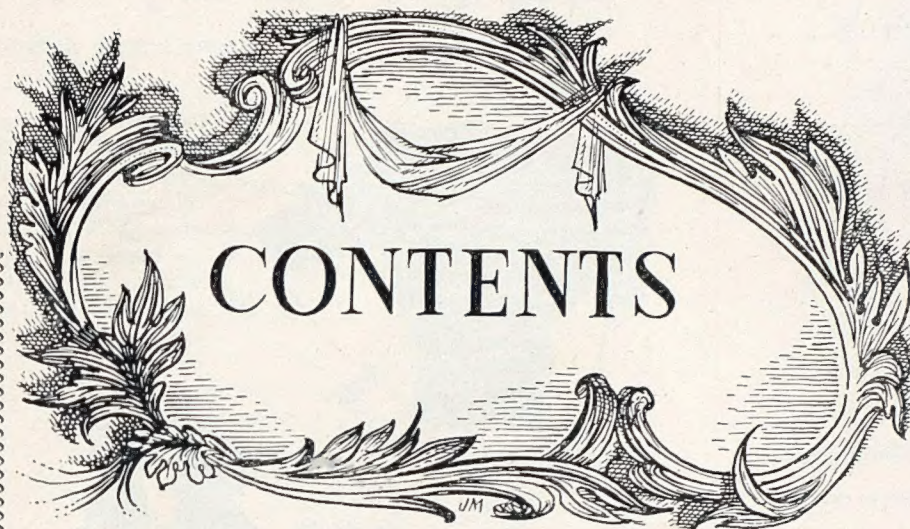


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CONTENTS

Cover Design by Mervyn Stuart

Articles

- Half Europe Wants to Emigrate
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 13 and 51
- The Side Walks of New York
by *Harry J. Greenwall* 14-15 and 51
- Beyond the Grey Moat
by *C. Patrick Thompson* 16 and 54
- Who Remembers Newgate?
by *John Williams* 17 and 54
- Historical Romances XV:
A Cavalier Poet's Love
Written by *Arnold Waring*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21-24
- Sunbathing at the Zoo
by *Craven Hill* 25-52
- Wasp Waists
by *Lady Ingram* 29 and 52
- Books:
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 64

Home Section

- Petticoat Influence 33
- Bride Grooming 34-35
- Knitting:
Tailored Waistcoat 36 and 63
Dainty Blouse 36 and 66
- Dressed for Sport 37
- A Perfect Picture 38-39
- Not a Thing to Wear . . . 40
- In Search of Glamour
by *Jane Gordon* 42 and 54
- Old-look Jewellery Is New 43
- Health and Beauty:
by *Chrysis*
- Day of Rest—and Beauty 44-45
- Feet Foremost 45
- Make-up for Summer 44
- Cookery:
by *Harriet Muir*
- Early Summer Fruits 46-47
- Off the Ration Meat 46-47
- Good Coffee 47

Stories

- An Acquaintance With Thieves
by *Timothy Fuller*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 9-12 and 48
- Youth's a Stuff Will Not Endure
by *Mary Just*
Illustrations
by *Lance Cattermole* 17-19 and 56
- The Moment of Revelation
by *Vince Kelly*
Illustrations
by *Tony Weare* 26-28 and 61
- The Modernist
by *Holloway Horn*
Illustrations
by *A. Bailey* 30-32 and 64

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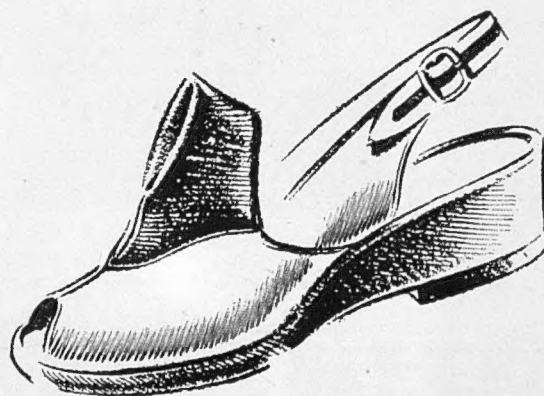
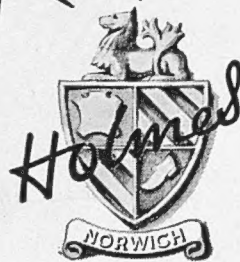
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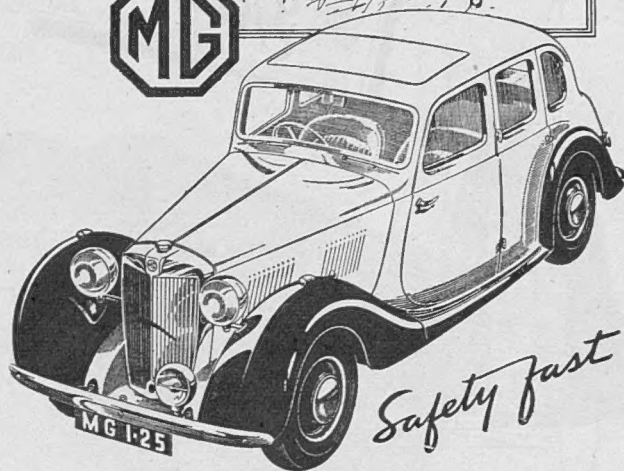
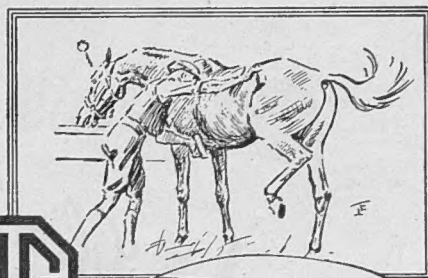
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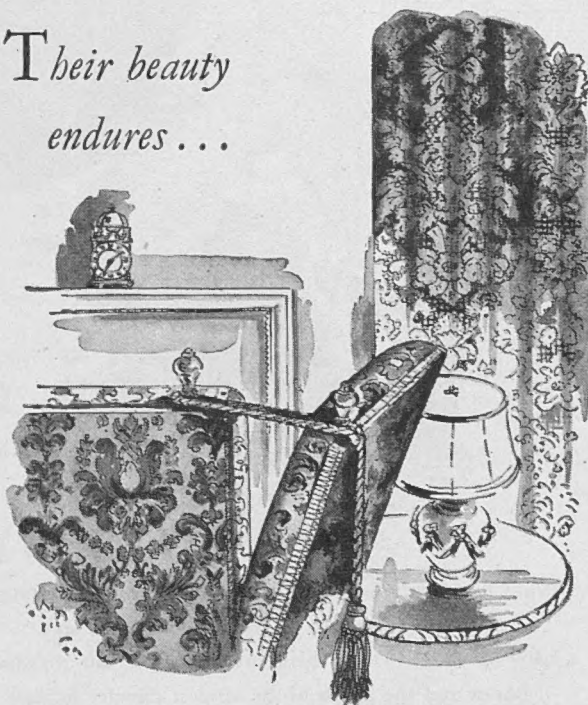
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Britannia and Eve



"He was unquestionably the handsomest thief I ever laid eyes on!"

"DARLING," said Clarissa Mainwaring, her famous voice sliding huskily into the lower register, "he was unquestionably the handsomest thief I ever laid eyes on!"

Detective Bowen had been carefully picked to handle the Mainwaring jewel case; he was bright, polite, and had gone to college briefly, but to Yale. "I see," he said gently. "Of course, it is possible that your acquaintance with thieves is not so wide that—"

Miss Mainwaring cut him off with a lifted eyebrow, hoisting it as firmly as one might a Venetian blind. "I would have you know that I have been intimately concerned with Broadway producers, Park Avenue lawyers, and Wall Street brokers for rather more years than I care to recall."

Bowen bowed but rallied gamely. "You said, I believe, that this particular thief was masked."

"From forehead to nose, love, but the face is scarcely the sole criterion by which one judges whether a man is handsome or not. I should say—"

"Cris," interrupted Tony Dever from the depths of Miss Mainwaring's lush dressing-room chaise, "I'm sure Detective Bowen is fascinated by your performance, but he is after facts. Would you say the thief was about six feet, thin, wearing a dark suit, with tan shoes and hat?"

"I would say nothing of the kind," said Miss Mainwaring, regarding Dever,

her press agent and old friend, with warm loathing. "He was not over five-ten, stocky, in a light grey suit, black shoes, and he wore no hat. His hair was dark and wavy."

"Thank you," said Detective Bowen. "Now if I could have a list of the missing items."

"I am simply ravaged thinking about

"I assume that all these things were insured," said Bowen, beginning to tire.

"Certainly," said Cris.

"Not one of them," said Dever.

"What?"

It was the sharp, agonised cry of a wounded fawn. Had Clarissa's present Broadway vehicle offered her a like emotional range, it would doubtless not have been limping along, as it was, for lack of patrons. She stretched out a long, graceful arm and touched Dever's shoulder. "You mustn't joke about a thing like this, Tony."

"I'm not. Your last husband, the big cotton man from Texas, let the policies slide and pocketed the cash. I have just learned of this latest treachery, or I would have—"

"That stinker!" opined Miss Mainwaring, and now stretched both arms towards Detective Bowen. "You must get these things back for me."

"That is generally regarded as the function of the police in a thing of this kind," said Bowen, who, though bright, polite, and a

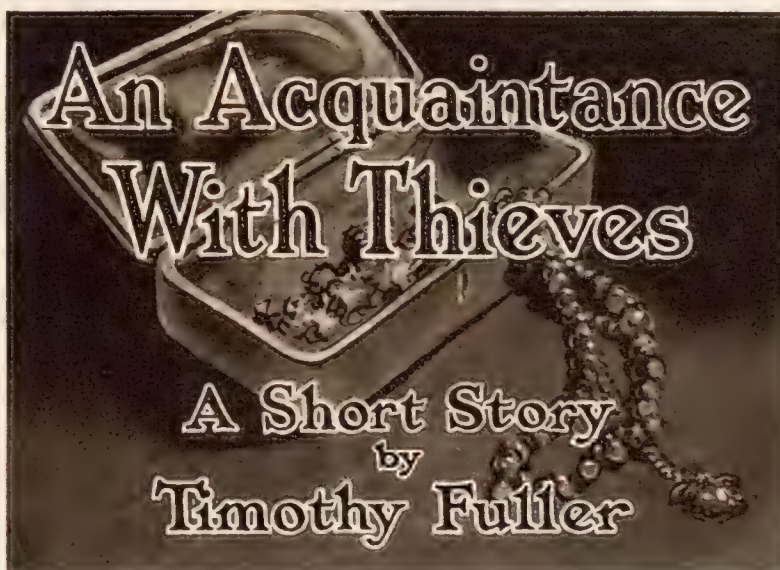
college man, could be pushed too far.

"But I can't guarantee anything."

"There must be a way! What will he do with them?"

"If he's a professional, he'll sell them to a fence for about a quarter of their value. By the way, how much are they worth?"

"A hundred thousand," Dever said quickly.



that brooch, Tony," Cris said, and explained to Bowen: "Lord Caldington gave it to me years ago, and he died so tragically in the war."

"He broke his neck playing polo in India," Dever pointed out, but added quickly, "Naturally, I understand its sentimental value for you, sweetheart."

"He was in uniform at least!" snapped Cris.

"Oh, come now, Tony," Cris said, "that's rather high."
"It's our story."

Detective Bowen allowed his eyes to move from Miss Mainwaring to her press agent. "Is there any chance that this is all a dodge?"

Dever laughed. "Fake jewel robberies to get publicity for actresses went out of fashion ten years ago. Of course," he added, "as long as it's happened, I'll make the most of it."

"You're both being dreadfully dreary," Cris said. "I must have my jewels. I feel absolutely naked without them. I don't see why we can't simply offer to buy them back from this fellow, as if they'd been kidnapped. At the most they're worth twenty thousand, and if he can only get a quarter of that anyway, I should think he would be happy to take twenty-five hundred from us if we also promised him immunity from the law."

"Darling," said Dever, "you have the most logically irrational mind I have ever encountered."

"I really think, Miss Mainwaring," said Bowen, "that the police had better handle it in the same old way. We've had a surprising amount of good luck with the routine methods."

"But he struck me as such a reasonable as well as a charming young man," Cris protested. "His last words, as he left the cab, were 'It's a pity our careers keep us apart.' He'd be bound to see the sporting side of my plan. Of course, we'd hand him counterfeit money."

"Obviously," said Dever. "Like the good sports we are."

"Don't be tiresome, lamb," Cris said, patting his head and favouring Bowen with the smile that had sent strong men tottering off to their jewellers. "I know you two can work out the details."

"It's extraordinary," Dever admitted, "but I'm not sure you haven't come up with an angle, Cris. It won't get the gems back, but it should appeal to the press. I think we're ready to call them in."

"If you don't mind," said Bowen, "I'll run along now and get to work on this thing. I'll keep in touch with you."

With a slightly harried wave of his hand the detective was gone.

"I thought he was rather nice," Cris said lazily. "What was his name?"

know the inscription on the back of her missing wrist-watch. It was late afternoon when the valid call came through. She was sure of it even before she asked about the watch.

"Just a minute," the voice said, and, after a pause, "My, my! 'Dimples from Slim.' I didn't notice any dimples."

"You wouldn't have," said Cris. "And you certainly took your time about calling me."

"My work keeps me so late. I've just seen the papers. How much are you offering?"

"Twenty-five hundred."

"That's funny. This stuff looks real to me."

"It is. But if you don't take my offer, the police are bound to catch you. Detective Bowen is extremely able."

The man clicked his tongue. "I know Bowen. Clever. Ruthless. Determined."

"It's nothing to joke about. Make up your mind."

"I'll do it, Dimples, but only because I want to see you again. Name the meeting-place."

"Well," Cris said, "it's usually done in a lonely, out-of-the-way spot, isn't it? Graveyards and places like that?"

"Graveyards are so cold in the winter. How about a night-club? Bill's Den, after your show to-night?"

"But aren't you afraid? I mean..."

"Your word is my bond."

It occurred to Cris that a brightly-lighted night-club was not the ideal setting for passing over phony money. She had pictured a dark, windy corner, a quick, unexamined handing-over of the respective envelopes and then footsteps hurrying away in the night. On the other hand, a night-club offered certain advantages; if he made a fuss she had only to lift her hand and he would be led away to the police.

"All right," she said.

"Fine. One question, though."

"Yes?"

"Whatever happened to Slim?"

She hung up, smiling a complicated smile that combined memory, satisfaction, and perhaps, above all, anticipation of the evening ahead. When Detective Bowen telephoned, just before she left for the theatre, she could afford to be magnanimous.

"I've heard nothing," she said. "I'm afraid it was just a silly idea."

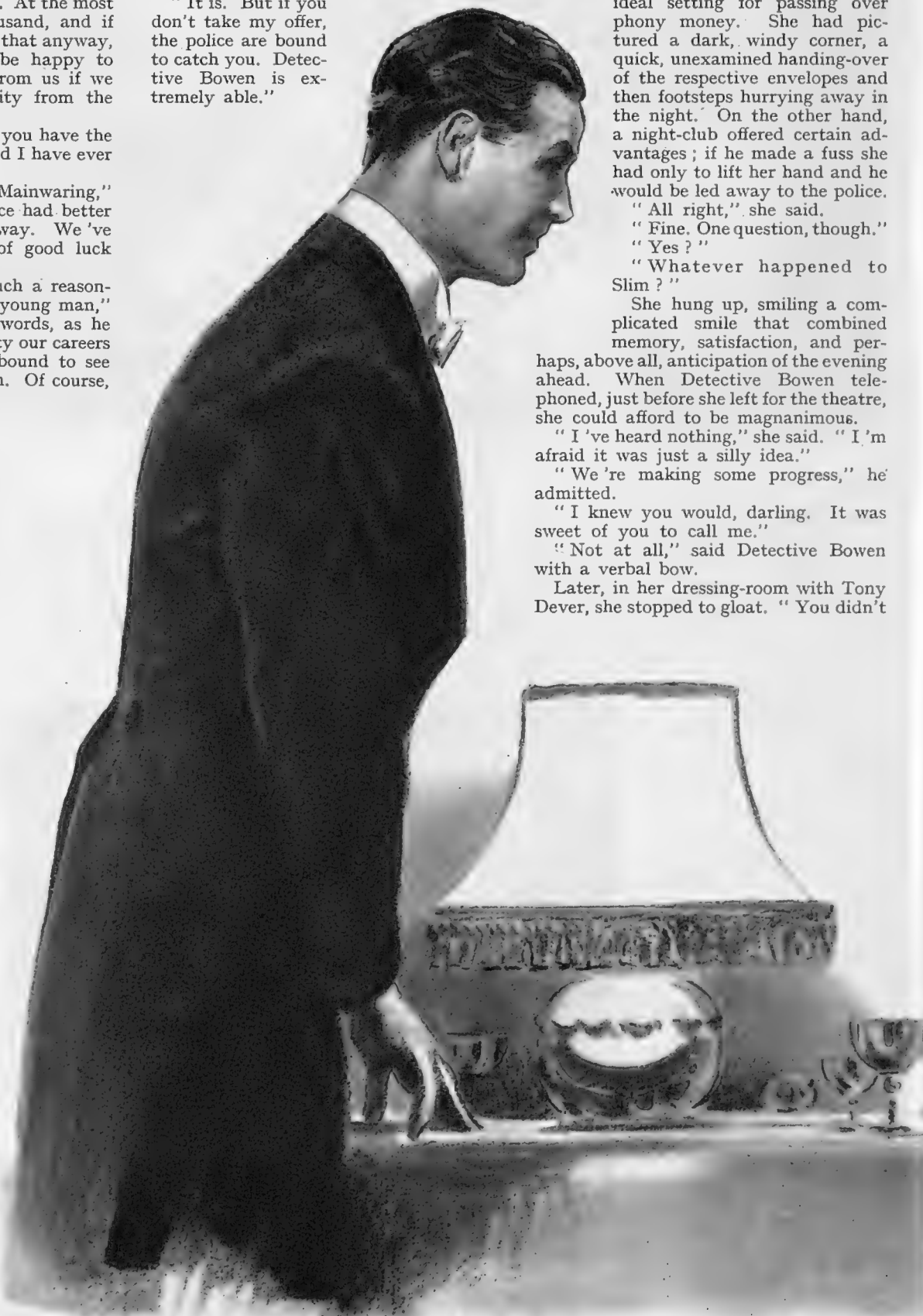
"We're making some progress," he admitted.

"I knew you would, darling. It was sweet of you to call me."

"Not at all," said Detective Bowen with a verbal bow.

Later, in her dressing-room with Tony Dever, she stopped to gloat. "You didn't

THE sedate metropolitan press gave the Mainwaring hold-up a scant half-column, but the tabloids were more co-operative. One of them, heading a leggy picture of Cris "SEEKS RENDEZVOUS WITH THIEF," was even thoughtful enough to print her unlisted telephone number for the crook's convenience. This resulted in a number of calls from cranks, but she was able to get rid of them by demanding to



really believe it would work, did you, Tony?"

"He strikes me as an extremely stupid man to be engaged in such an exacting trade."

"You mustn't forget, darling, that I am a fabulously fascinating woman."

"No, Cris," he said. "I never forget that."

"Why, Tony, dear, how nice!"

He blew her a kiss and held out a fat, sealed envelope. "Here's the ransom. It's a pretty bad art, so don't let him open it if you can help it."

THE audience that evening, a bit more numerous than usual, saw one of Clarissa Mainwaring's ablest performances, and with the applause still coursing like a heady wine through her expensively-gowned body, she set out for Bill's Den, a smoky oasis on Fifty-Second Street.

It pleased her to find she was known to the head waiter, but surprised her to discover she was also expected. With the ceremony of an Admiral coming aboard a destroyer, she was piped to a remote table where a handsome young man with dark, wavy hair rose to greet her. Cris had developed, from a past not given to every woman, a fine discrimination in judging male beauty, and her reaction to this present example was to catch her breath. In addition to the dark, wavy hair, which she had, of course, observed before, the demasked face of this lad—he must have been in his early twenties—revealed a pair of warm, black eyes, a proud, straight nose, a firm, appealingly cleft chin, and a laughing mouth open now over a full set of shining, white teeth.

"How nice," he said.

"How nice, indeed," she murmured throatily and they sat down.

"Your performance this evening," he said, "was breathtaking."

"You're too kind," she said. "It's a vile play."

"Scarcely adequate, of course," he said. "Now, before we give ourselves up to the pleasures of the evening, it might be wise to transact our little business. Here is my offering."

With the ceremony of an Admiral coming aboard a destroyer, she was piped to a remote table where a handsome young man with dark, wavy hair rose to greet her

He pushed a square, white box, tastefully tied with a shining ribbon, across the table to her. Cris slipped off the ribbon, opened the box and beheld her jewellery, intact to the final pearl. She opened her bag and with a barely perceptible tremor in her hand, delivered the envelope. The head waiter, she was thankful to note, hovered near by.

Illustrations by
FRANK LEA



The beautiful one weighed the envelope on his two expressive hands, flipped it over, thoughtfully observed that it was sealed, sighed, and slipped it quickly into an inside pocket.

"There," he said, tapping the pocket, "that's that."

"Yes," said Cris, her training sufficient to keep the relief from her voice. Absently, she began to put on her jewels.

"Please," he said, holding up his hand, "don't put them on! They distract me. For once I'd like to admire a woman for herself alone."

Cris laughed, dropped the things back in the box, and put the box in her bag. She wondered vaguely whether she should observe the conventions of ransom meetings and leave now, but was charmed when her companion suggested they dance.

They danced, they had supper, with wine, and danced again. For Cris the evening held all the excitement, suspense and reward of an opening night.

"This is my party," she said firmly when the waiter came with the bill. There was no sense in spoiling the affair

by obliging him to open the envelope just now. She was actually troubled by her deception; he was so young, so fundamentally decent, and so handsome. But she mustn't, she thought, slapping herself mentally on the wrist, let this get out of proportion.

Rather too readily, he allowed her to pay the bill and they went out to the street, where he hailed a cab.

"We'd better part here," she said. "It's been fun."

"Nonsense," he said, getting in beside her. "I'll see you safely home." He smiled. "Remember what happened the last time you were alone in a cab."

She shuddered delicately and moved a little closer to him. When he tried to kiss her, she produced a disciplined sequence from dignified refusal through bored acceptance to apparent abandon. At the appropriate moment she slithered out of his grasp, patted his cheek, and murmured, "You're really far too sweet, dear, to end up in jail, as you're sure to. Can't you reform?"

"I've tried," he said, his breathing

uneven. "But I can't. It's a quirk in my character. Even psycho-analysis failed." He kissed her. "You're very lovely."

All too quickly they had arrived at her door. She expected trouble there, but he made no move to get out of the taxi.

"I'm truly sorry this is the end," she said, huskily.

"I, too," he said. "I shall treasure this evening as a nugget in a life of clay. Hurry on, driver. I can't bear to have this moment prolonged."

It was a rather abrupt farewell, but even so, Cris floated dreamily into her flat, where she found Tony asleep on her divan, a half-finished highball rising and falling rhythmically on his chest. She gently removed the glass and, less gently, shook him awake.

"Tony," she said, "it worked! Look!"

She buried a hand in her bag, felt around, felt desperately around, gasped an oath, and managed, "That little swine! Tony, I've been swindled!"

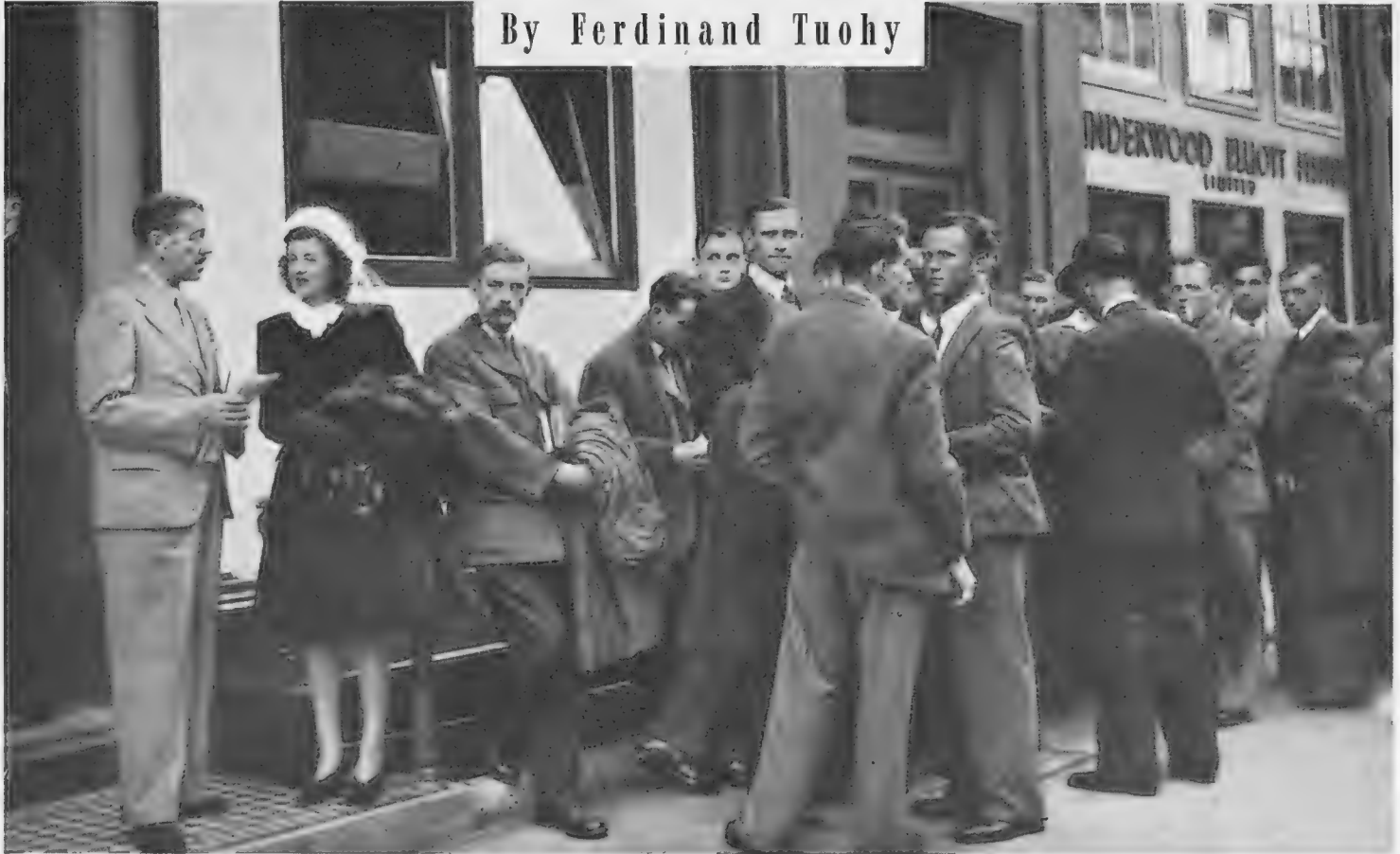
(Continued on page 48)



She buried a hand in her bag, felt around, felt desperately around, gasped an oath, and managed, "That little swine! Tony, I've been swindled!"

Half Europe Wants To Emigrate

By Ferdinand Tuohy



EMIGRATION continues to be in the very forefront of the world's thought. Would-be receiving continents such as Australasia and South America are as engrossed as battered and nerve-racked old Europe.

The subject may be frowned upon by governments that fear being left with too many ageing folk and insufficient of the cream of energy with which to realize a production high enough to improve standards in densely populated countries. There may be problems of transport, housing, equipment and finance, which can only be very gradually overcome, given decades of peace. No matter; millions long to be gone.

"It's as if half Europe wants to emigrate," was how a member of the International Refugee Organization put it. A poll has been taken in countries as different as Finland and Italy, France and Greece, and the impression left was that "tens of millions would go to-morrow if they got the chance."

Including a round million from the U.K., this being the estimate of the Plowden Planning Committee created by a Government which does not stand in the way of the would-be emigrant, and that's all. Another poll which has shown its efficacy before now, indicated that forty-two per cent of Britons would depart, an increase of twenty-three per cent compared with 1945.

"The same yearning exists among victors and vanquished," went on my I.R.O. informant. "In hitherto stay-at-home France great numbers of people between twenty and thirty-five dream of Latin America. The other universally attracting

Prospective emigrants to Australia, making inquiries at the immigration office at Australia House, Strand, London

Emigrating to Canada by air. A batch of emigrants who have paid their own fare of £67, assembled outside the office of an air charter company. These emigrants are not certain of finding work or homes but the Canadian Authorities have promised to do all they can for them

mirages are the British/Commonwealth and the United States. One in every two Italians wants to go—it's difficult to find a German who does not! But what most surprised us was the high number of Dutch, Norwegians and Swedes more than ready for departure.

"The Jews have probably augmented the general urge by their own much publicised exodus. On top of all these—what of the 800,000 displaced persons in occupied territory alone? Splendid stock, many of them, and by force of circumstances the very stuff to make settlers. Time may tell that Western European governments, in particular, have not got emigration high enough on their agendas—when they've got it there at all! The present situation is the very thing to breed extremism."

Among the main motives for wanting to take fresh roots overseas are—a feeling that the Continent "is finished"; that there is no hope of forcing a living within any foreseeable time; weariness and an ache to find restful, wider surroundings; frustration and chronic uncertainty; a kicking against restrictions and the glorification of one class. Outright fear of war and of the atom bomb is not so prevalent as might be expected. Fear of being sucked up by a serf-making ideology is more often heard.

By every teaching of history the floodgates should be open. Past migrations were nearly always instigated by the aftermath of war, by lean times, and by persecution. The "gold rush" migration was a freak of the nineteenth century, but the other three are still very much with us. The peoples should be marching to their new destinies as on the *March of Time* curtain-piece. What do we see

(Continued on page 51)



The Side Walks

This City Of Wealth,
Department Stores Is
Tenements And

By Harry J.



New York City. Looking north up Broadway and 7th Avenue on 44th Street. The famous Hotel Astor is seen on the left

CELEBRATED in song and story, the Side Walks of New York have become legendary. What do they look like to-day; are they paved with gold; are they still peopled with O. Henry characters? Well, I wouldn't know about the gold, but this writer lost a ten-dollar note on Broadway only the other evening when he was paying a dollar eighty cents to enter the Astor Cinema to see *The Bishop's Wife*.

I have come back to New York after an absence of twelve years to find those celebrated side walks in a deplorable condition. Many of the towering electric light standards carry large metal notice boards appealing: "Your City and Mine; Keep It Clean." Were I a New Yorker, my answer would be: "Oh yeah?"

When it rains, it may rain pennies from heaven, but the rain leaves immense puddles of water along these well-known side walks; deep and wide gulleys of rain water stretch from the curb out towards the middle of the road. The endless lines of motor omnibuses, taxis and private motor cars splash one from head to foot. The Automobile Club of New York says 150 million dollars is required right now to put the thoroughfares of Manhattan into repair order and that it receives an average of a thousand calls a day from automobilists asking to be helped out of a hole (both literal and metaphorical). I'm not surprised.

Only the New Look long skirts protect the ladies' nylons, and cheap as nylons may be, a dollar and a half a pair is the average. I would like to know how Sir Stafford Cripps would budget to pay for all the nylons ruined on a rainy day on the side walks of New York.

Talking of nylons, I find the women of New York so much taller than their European sisters. I note that fewer women smoke outdoors in New York than in London and fewer wear slacks, but I would have thought that slacks would be more appropriate to the appalling condition of the streets of New York than New Look skirts. A Londoner born, I am "house proud" when I mentally compare the condition of our blitzed streets in the Grey Old City on the Thames with the state of the streets of New York.



(Above) In the Bowery valuables are not necessary, but ready cash is, so pawnshops thrive

(On left) The man who sells old clothes can usually find customers in the Bowery, where money to find new clothes is at a premium

(Below) This New York side walk vendor sells chinaware which he wraps up for the purchaser in old newspapers. For a comparatively low price one can obtain a whole service



Of New York

Skyscrapers And Fabulous
Also A City Of Shabby
Side Walk Pedlars

Greenwall



Another view of the famous
Broadway, New York City,
looking south from Duffy
Square toward the Times
Building



(Above) A new-type ball-
pointed pen is being demon-
strated by a seller in one of
New York's side walks. He
claims it will write under
and above water and at all
times

(On right) A walking depart-
ment store is this itinerant
vendor of the Bowery

(Below) This stand on Canal
Street sells necessary com-
modities at no more than
twenty-five cents

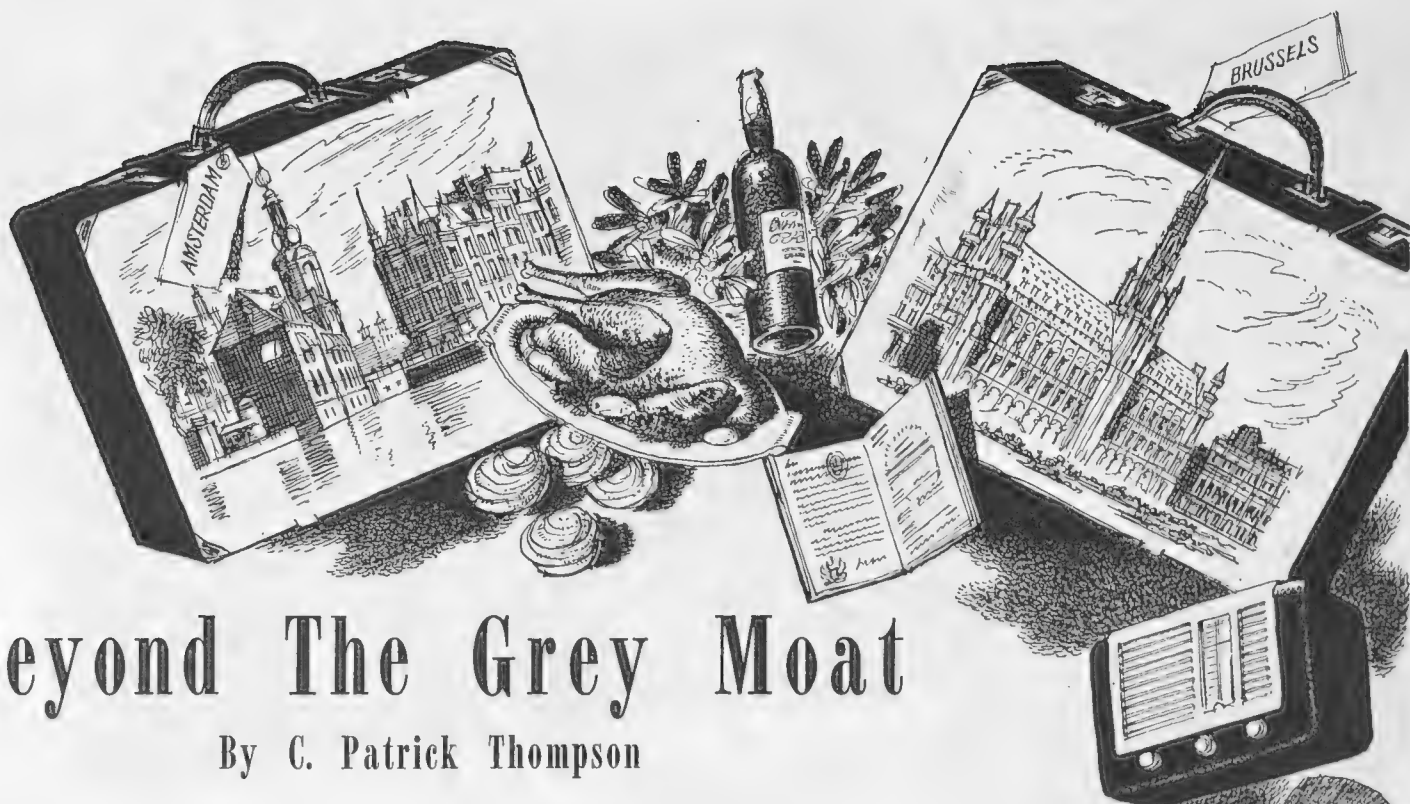


London at least has a reason for any necessity of repair, but New York, the greatest city in the richest country in the world!

The large ash cans (dust bins) stand out on the side walks, full of clinkers from the house heating furnaces, chokka block full of debris of every sort, and they stand there unemptied until late in the afternoon and sometimes until the following morning. The huge steel wire baskets for litter which may be found at many street corners are as full—and unemptied—as the ash cans, so the litter fills the side walks: masses of empty paper bags, chewing gum packages, cigarette packages, cigar and cigarette stubs, monkey nut shells, of everything something, and thousands of pages of newspapers. No wonder there is an increase in contagious disease.

We in Britain sometimes criticize our hospitals, but New York, according to the authoritative *New York Times* has real reason for criticism. This newspaper has made a survey of conditions and finds that 150 million dollars is needed right now to modernize New York's hospitals, which are so crowded that beds have to be placed in the corridors. It is also affirmed that unless the situation is taken in hand this year there may well be a complete breakdown.

The expression of urgency reminds me that I am in constant conflict with my American friends on the question of hustle; this "cold war" has been going on ever since I first visited the United States, nineteen years ago. I maintain that in effete London more business is transacted in less time than in New York. When it comes to constructional work, the New Yorkers are ace high, there is no argument about that. When I arrived in my hotel on West 54th Street, there was a large vacant lot next door; it was evident that the foundations of a building had been dug. Three weeks later six floors had been completed; the entire steel framework was finished and the wooden floors bolted in. True, the builders were on the job day and night, but there it is: work done. Not hustle, but an eye to business keeps many shops open until late at night. I like, too, the shoe repair shops which dot the side walks; it is convenient to drop in, sit in a padded (Continued on page 51)



Beyond The Grey Moat

By C. Patrick Thompson

"I CAN'T put in an extra seat for you; now, can I, sir?" asked the harassed train inspector.

"I'll want my money back if I don't get a seat," growled the very English sahib with the large Gladstone bag. "I've got a first-class ticket."

The Harwich-Hook of Holland boat train was filling up. Everything was going hay-wire. We sat stolidly in our Pullman seats on either side of a table not set for dinner, resisting the wails of two stout women who had the same numbers as ours, kept repeating that they had booked their seats three weeks ago, but had lost by a short head when it came to occupation. The train inspector led them away. Maybe there was a cancellation somewhere.

I caught the eye of a white-coated steward. Any chance of getting some dinner? "It's a pickle," he said. "The dining-cars are full of people who don't want dinner, and the non-diners have got the people who want dinner. We'll get 'em sorted out later on, sir."

They say it's always like that on the Hook boat train—but a little worse coming back. Eventually we got dinner in the second-class diner at the other end of the long train. Soup, a small fragment of boiled chicken, cheese, a half-bottle of claret.

The *Arnhem*, the new boat, has a spacious saloon bar. On our second Scotch and soda I thought it was about time we sailed. The Dutch A-A non-com sitting at our table—he was going on leave from his Worcester station—smiled. "We have been moving forty minutes." After a fortnight of gales and storms, we had caught a millpond sea. The cabin was small but comfortable. I slept like a top.

We had Dutch, Belgian, French and English currency with us. This presented a bit of a problem when it came to filling out the elaborate money-declaration forms. The Dutch red-cap who checked on our passports came over, smiling. In thirty seconds he had straightened us out and passed us through. "Thank you," said I. "At your service, sir," said he, with a courtly bow, and salute. I thought of the gimlet-eyed, unhelpful officials on

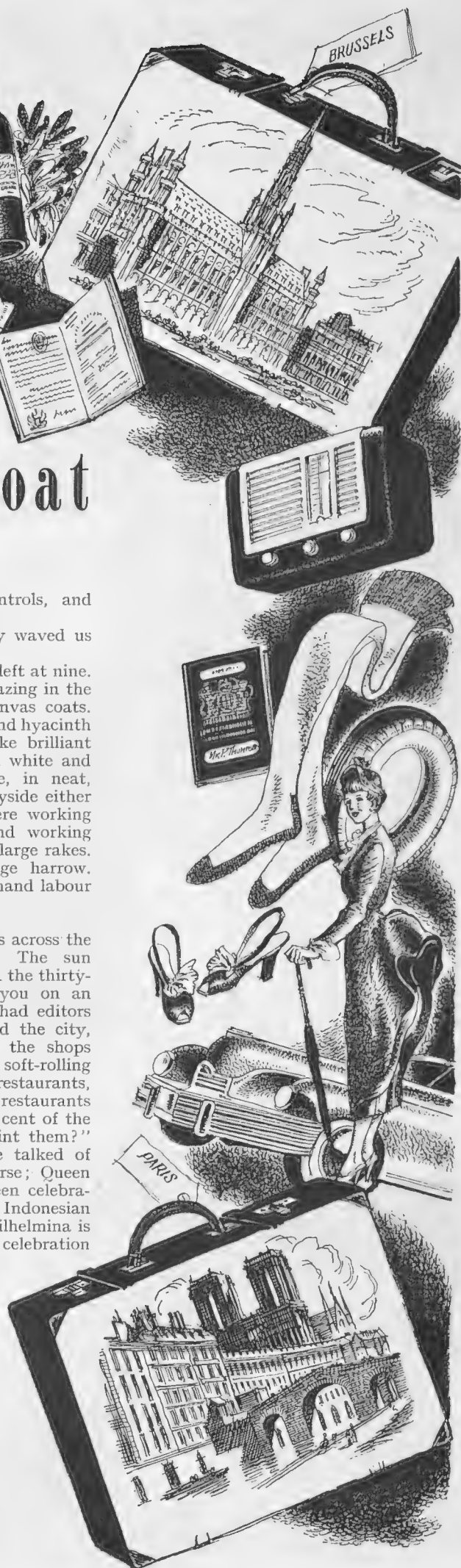
the French and British controls, and warmed towards the Dutch.

Customs? They practically waved us through.

The Amsterdam boat train left at nine. Plenty of room. The cows grazing in the lush green meadows wore canvas coats. Beyond Rotterdam the tulip and hyacinth fields began. They spread like brilliant carpets, pink and yellow and white and burnt-orange and cobalt-blue, in neat, large squares over the countryside either side of the railway. Men were working over them, with baskets, and working over newly turned plots with large rakes. Three men dragged one large harrow. No horses, no machines. All hand labour in the tulip nurseries.

THE porter carried our bags across the square to the Victoria. The sun glistened on the broad canal and the thirty-seat motor boats that run you on an hour's tour of the canals. I had editors to see, and we also inspected the city, which was solid, and busy, the shops full of stuff, the taxis soft-rolling American cars. In the restaurants, unlimited food. "All the restaurants together absorb only five per cent of the total food supply, so why stint them?" was the explanation. People talked of three things. Russia, of course; Queen Wilhelmina's fifty-years-a-queen celebration in August; and the Indonesian question. The story about Wilhelmina is that she will retire after the celebration and hand over to Juliana. Indonesia splits Dutchmen as the Indian question used to split Britons before the great retirement. If Holland were to lose those great rich islands, with their enormous natural wealth, and the billions sunk in oil, tobacco, sugar, pepper, rubber, kapok, cinchona, coffee, cocoa, teak, and what-not, she would be in the position of a man whose main business is expropriated without compensation.

Meantime, eating well, the
(Continued on page 54)



Youth's A Stuff Will Not Endure

An Elizabethan Episode

By Mary Just

"WILL your Grace wear the murrey-coloured gown?"

Alice Delahaye stood at the bedside of the Queen, and curtsied low. A faint gleam of light showed through a tiny parting in the curtains, magnificent French curtains of embroidered tapestry in reds and greens and yellows and blues, depicting wonderful caracolings of horses bestridden by still more wonderful knights in silver and golden armour. Similar curtains adorned the great square four poster bed, in which the Queen lay propped up on a mass of pillows in semi-darkness.

"No light," she said pettishly. "I'll not have light till my face is made for the day."

"'Tis but a blink, your Grace, scarce enow for me to see to enter," protested the girl at the bedside. Privately she made a little grimace to herself. It was a merry jest among the Queen's ladies, that she would not have herself seen until she should have been be-roused and be-raddled for the day.

"Blink or no blink, I'll not brook it," said the Queen. She flung herself back and turned away, her face half hidden in her elbow. The hand that showed in the one thin glint of light that just touched it, was a hand so beautiful that any man or woman might well have gazed on that, and forgotten the ageing face of its owner, a hand slender, little, white, with exquisite almond-shaped nails, and fingers like moving flowers.

"But the gown, your Grace," said Alice again patiently.

"Murrey-colour. Murrey-colour. By God's splendour, I am full-fed of murrey-colour," cried the Queen.

"It was I that wore it first . . . mulberry-colour its right name then, and now they tell me that the Queen of Scots hath taken to it in her prison at Fotheringay, she that is thrice a widow."

"Your Majesty hath but to utter the word, and she shall wear no other gown than her shroud," said Lady Alice, who was privileged, having served the Queen ever since her sixteenth birthday, now four years ago.

"You would instruct me in the high affairs of state, hey?" said the Queen. Suddenly she

WITH one swift rush,
Alice was on her knees
at the Queen's feet, clasping
her with her arms and
sobbing like a pitiful child

laughed, a high neighing laugh. There was the strangeness of her Majesty, thought Alice; one might utter the simplest speech, and she would clip one across the face in a rage, and one might suggest the killing of a queen, and that queen her own cousin, and she laughed. Strange unreadable woman! If she were a woman at all. Alice sometimes wondered whether she were in truth a witch. She seemed to know so much, to read the thoughts of men and women around her. She did so now.

"You wonder why I laugh," she said. "O child, with those solemn eyes, sometimes a queen must laugh because she dare not weep. Bring the murrey-coloured gown, I'll wear it. And send Dawson to bathe and dress me, and then let my perquier come in the half of an hour from now. And . . . hey . . . let ale be brought me first of all."

ALICE curtsayed and slipped from the room. She was a dainty thing, tall and slim, and with much the same colouring as the Queen herself, hair of sandy gold, eyes of hazel, clear red and white skin. But she had the loveliness of youth, whilst the Queen . . . the Queen was old.

"A merry morning to my love," said a voice behind her, and a hand caught her tiny waist.

"Master Hulbert, have a care. The Queen is awaked, and peevish."

"When is she aught but peevish? Am I never to see you but in passages and corridors and doorways?"

"My father says that you are not able to wed . . . that you cannot keep a wife."

"Mayhap I cannot keep a wife as he keeps his, in splendour and dignity, with half a hundred lackeys at her call, but my little manor-house in the Mendip Hills over the city of Bath is fain for its mistress, and my few men and maids are waiting to serve you. And the master of the manor is waiting to take you in his arms and carry you thither. O Alice . . . light and loveliness of my heart. Must we lurk for ever at the Queen's door for a meeting?"

"I have told her Majesty that we would wed. She did but laugh and shrug, with a bitter sound in the laugh. 'So?' says she, 'I too would once fain have wed Robin Leicester. In this world in which we live, my child,' says she, 'tis not what we will that comes to our hand.' 'Your pardon, Majesty,' said I, 'but mayhap we can turn it as we will, if we are fain enow to endure and to wait.' Soul of my soul, Harry, she looked at me as though she could have knifed me to the heart. 'Do you dare,' she said, speaking high and through her nostrils, 'to tell Elizabeth of England that she hath confounded and bemuddled her own life?' I could but kneel at her feet in terror, affirming that I had meant no such word."

Harry Hulbert, once page and now gentleman-in-waiting to the Queen, put both hands on his love's shoulders and looked deep into her eyes.

"The maid who is brave enow to tell the Queen of England that she hath befooled herself and lost love from her life," he said softly, "is brave enow to wed where she will."

A lovely flush swept over the girl's face and neck.

"Harry, I love but thee," she whispered. "I'll take no other of my father's choice."

"Tis not enow, sweetheart. I'll have you take the man of *my* choice."

"But how? But how?"

"What would you dare . . . for me?"

"All in the world, Harry."

The wide passage was empty, save for the man-at-arms outside the Queen's chamber door, who gazed discreetly before him. Harry took his love closely into his arms.

"Come to my apartment to-night at ten of the clock," he whispered low. "I'll have one there to wed us. The Bishop's chaplain is my good friend. No more now. Away . . . until this night. You'll not fail me?"

"I may be late. The Queen may sit long at cards."

"I'll wait. You'll not fail me?"

"Never in earth or beyond, my own love."

She twisted herself from his embrace and scurried away down the passage, calling as she went . . . "Mistress Dawson, Mistress Dawson . . . the Queen's Majesty is awaked, and would be bathed and dressed. And she sendeth word that ale should be carried to her chamber."

"In what mood is the Queen?" asked the plump middle-aged woman who appeared in the high-arched, carven doorway, her hands folded on her padded stomacher. "She hath both frowned, and laughed," said Alice non-committally.

The Queen's toilet took all of two hours, punctuated by the consuming of much golden ale, a song from one of her pages, a couple of state documents to be signed in haste, and a scene with Dawson, in which that lady was slapped on the ear and called by a name which should not be used by queens. It took all the insinuating art of the Italian hairdresser to restore calm.

"Your Grace will wear the new perruque I have brought," he said, bowing before the face in the mirror, and speaking in his own tongue, which the Queen spoke every whit as well as he. "Though indeed, by Bacchus, I ask myself why your Majesty should feel the need for a perruque at all? Yet it sits well, and saves much care and trouble. Your Grace will be enchanted . . . no? I myself . . . I am enchanted. But that is nothing new. For I live under your Grace's enchantment."

It was often remarked then, it has often been remarked since, during the nigh on four centuries that have followed her reign, that her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of England would swallow the grossest of flattery without blinking an eyelash. Many men wondered then, and many men



"*SING to us child,*" the Queen said, "*Master Will Shakespeare hath writ a pleasant little lyric in his play that we saw on Twelfth Night. How does it go?*"

have wondered since, whether she believed the exaggerated compliments that were ladled out to her. Some of her courtiers would even enter her presence with a hand before their eyes, averring that the brightness of her own eyes dazzled them so that they could not see where to tread. She never rebuked, never appeared to wonder or to doubt. Perhaps it is safest to say that a woman of such intellect, of such masculine ability for statecraft, was also quite brilliant enough to fool four

centuries, and millions of people. It is possible that she had her reasons for seeing how far men could or would go in their slavish self-humiliation, when they wished to achieve her favour. Or was there a simpler reason? Was it that in all her splendid and amazing life, with its courage, its scintillation, and its successes, she never achieved the one little triumph that would have crowned her glories . . . she, Gloriana herself? Much has been told and sung and conjectured about her, but

no reliable or credible witness has ever come forward to testify to her having been truly loved by any one man. She was tall, and thin, and plain, with short-sighted narrow eyes, and sandy hair, and thin lips. She drank and swore and spat like a man, like the true daughter of King Harry the Eighth. She could also, say the chroniclers, dance, "high and disposedly." She sang, but we are never told that she sang well, a significant omission. She was educated (*Continued on page 56*)

Illustrations by
Lance Cattermole





Newgate Prison in flames on June 7, 1780. This was one of the objectives of Lord George Gordon and his followers who, in their anti-Catholic riots, caused fires and destruction all over London. They were said to have released 300 prisoners from Newgate, and they also burned down Bridewell, the Fleet and the King's Bench Prison

(Below) Arranging a Fleet marriage in 1747. These illicit weddings, conducted by parsons confined in the Fleet for debt, were very popular in the first half of the eighteenth century, and this contemporary print shows the scene outside the gaol when a sailor and his landlady's daughter have arrived to get married. Fleet marriages were banned in 1753

Who Remembers Newgate?

By John Williams

RECENT penal reforms have been so far-reaching that it is hard to realize that little more than one hundred years ago all the notorious old London prisons were still flourishing. Marshalsea, Bridewell, King's Bench, the Fleet, Newgate—rudely surviving into an age that saw the Crystal Palace—were even then housing their crowds of felons and debtors as they had done for generations back. True, the Victorians, in their reforming zeal, pulled most of them down before 1860, but it requires no centenarian to remember Newgate, for this ancient and forbidding gaol was standing until 1902.

Twice burnt down and rebuilt in the seven centuries or so of its existence, Newgate had the most sinister reputation of all our prisons. It was founded in the reign of King John as a small lock-up in one of the medieval city gates, and after being destroyed in the Great Fire it was rebuilt by Christopher Wren. Just over (Continued on page 54)



King's Bench Prison about 1810. Rebuilt in 1781 after being burned down in the Gordon Riots, this Southwark gaol for debtors was on the site of one of the oldest London prisons. In 1862, after the Bankruptcy Act had abolished imprisonment for debt, the King's Bench became a military prison

(On left) The Fleet Prison and its inmates in 1807. Standing on what is now the east side of Farringdon Street, this old debtor's prison had a history centuries old. Like Newgate it was twice burnt down, in the Fire of London and in the Gordon Riots. It was abolished in 1842



A Cavalier Poet's Love

The Romance Of Henry Vaughan,
Poet And Physician, And
Catherine Wise.

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

IN the bleak autumn of 1646 Henry Vaughan, cavalier and poet, returned to Brecon under a sky as thundery as his own dire thoughts. What was left to him in life now? The Royalist cause for which he fought had been defeated. Disbanded soldiers—maimed, starving and in rags—roamed the countryside begging. One whom he met on the road had told him of the death of his fellow-officer and friend, Lieut. Roger Wise, at Rowton Heath.

Was it true that the comrade lost in the confusion of battle had been killed? He would go to a relative of the family at the Priory, Lady Price. She might know, for certain. Like everything in his shattered world, the house was now a place of sadness, for her ladyship was impoverished, her Royalist husband in prison.

Entering, he saw in the window a young woman sewing—and stood rooted, fumbling with his cavalier hat. Pretty oval face, brown eyes, a sweet, pensive expression, damask complexion. . . . How like Roger she was! And when she spoke—*his* voice, the same musical undertones. . . . A few moments more, and Lady Price was introducing him to—Catherine Wise, Roger's sister, from Gilsdon Hall, on the Stafford-Warwick border. Henry was so pale and distracted that Lady Price asked what ailed him? Was he still ill from sickness in the wars? He shouldn't have been out in this storm. . . .

"'Tis the cold of Beeston Castle, still in my bones, Madam," he said, shivering. And when he explained that they had fled there after the Rowton Heath defeat, Catherine said: "My brother, Roger Wise, was killed there. I expect you knew him?"

Henry wasn't just seeing the ghost of his dead friend in Roger's sister; he was gazing at his own fate, a love that would rebuild his broken world for him. Although she was not yet eighteen—a simple, innocent girl—he, scarred war veteran of twenty-four, felt shy, awkward and tongue-tied in her company, even when they spoke of the Roger they both loved. Yet he wanted nothing but to be with her, watching her fair face, hearing her soft voice.

On entering, Henry saw in the window a young woman sewing—and stood rooted, fumbling with his cavalier hat.

In one way at least he wasn't tongue-tied. He could write her pastoral love verses about shepherds and nymphs, and call her his Amoret. He even sent a collection to London and had them printed with a dedication to "all ingenious Lovers of Poesie."

In a nearby beechwood was a lovers' walk called Priory Grove. There they would walk in the whispering evenings and under the magic moon. There, most ardently, he wooed his Amoret, vowing lifelong love. True, the Vaughans of Newton-on-Usk were no longer so prosperous; Catherine, with her brothers lost in battle, had only her widowed mother

and the charity of relatives. But he would take up law again, or medicine, and make a home for her. Nothing should ever separate them.

Patiently he had to fight the opposition of his parents. Why so hasty, when he could make a much better match for himself, counselled his father. Catherine is a sweet girl, said his mother, but why not wait until he had met others? In the end Mrs. Vaughan was on his side, telling his father, "Why not let Harry have the dear girl if she can cure this melancholy which has afflicted him since he returned from the wars?"

All he had to give the bride was a ring which had been his mother's. There could be no public church ceremony. On a winter evening they were wedded secretly at Newton, behind locked doors and over the banned prayer-book, by Henry's parson brother Tom, with only the family and

Henry had to be very patient with Catherine. She hated poverty, longed for the country and her old stately home



servants as witnesses. In accordance with the custom of the time, the bridegroom's parents escorted them to their bedchamber and drew the curtains on their bridal night. And it was, despite all the trials and worries of a turbulent age, "till death do us part."

ON the strength of his medical studies at Oxford, Henry set up in Brecon as a physician without licence, their first home a small, back-street lodging. When he had no patients he scribbled verse, pressed on with his studies—and patients were slow to come to a doctor who had fought for a lost cause. Why, too, hadn't he married a Brecon girl instead of a pretty "lady" who could play the lute and virginals, make fripperies with her needles, practise all the social



The backwash of the abortive rising against Cromwell in the Welsh Marches brought to Henry's backdoor hunted Royalists with bullet wounds and sword cuts, begging their old compatriot to dress their wounds secretly

"refinements," but never make him a real helpmeet? That was the prattle of the Brecon dames and damsels, jealous of her delicate birth and upbringing—and it did the young doctor no good and made Catherine angry. He had to be very patient with her. She hated poverty, longed for the country and her old stately home, became fretful with the coming of their first child.

Soldiers stamped, bawled and drummed through the streets when she was born, for the Civil War had flared up again, the countryside was once more in eruption, with bridges down, barricades of trees blocking the roads. The backwash of the tragic and abortive rising against Cromwell in the Welsh Marches brought flotsam and jetsam to Henry's backdoor—hunted Royalists with bullet wounds and sword cuts, begging their old compatriot to dress them secretly. He knew he risked everything—his freedom, his marriage, possibly his life—in treating

them, but how could he turn away these desperate, suffering fugitives? Catherine was weak and ill after her confinement. It was a trying time for the young doctor, who wanted only to tend the sick in peace, complete his studies, and write verse in the candle-lit evenings.

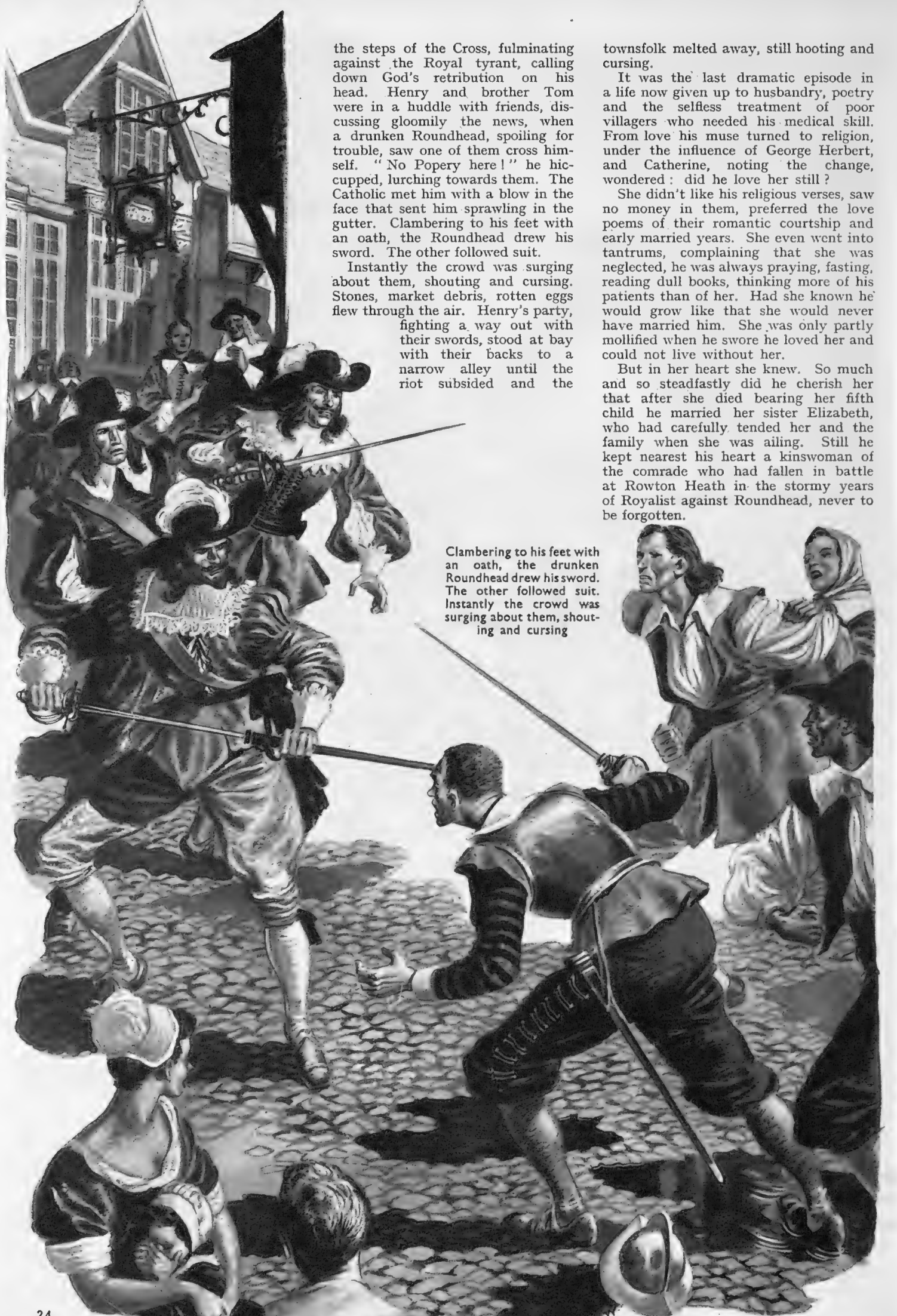
WHEN Commonwealth soldiery began scouring the district for rebels, hauling folk out of their beds at night, making wholesale arrests, imposing punishment and fines, Henry deemed it best to take his wife and child to Newton, out of harm's way. Through hay-time and harvest Catherine was happy, walking the fields and woods by the gentle Usk with her poet-husband. Couldn't they stay there for ever? Must they return to dark, dingy Brecon with its gossiping, envious wives and smug neighbours? Wouldn't Henry be happier managing the estates he would one day possess? Catherine thought so;

his father, too. If necessary, Henry could ride over and visit his patients. . . .

He needed no more bidding . . . gave up the Brecon lodgings . . . settled at his native Newton for the rest of his days, though he did not know at the time that it would hold him for ever and earn him immortality as "The Swan of Usk," the title of Helen Ashton's sensitive, exquisite story of his life.

Here he heard tidings of the trial of King Charles in Westminster Hall. On a visit to Brecon one market day he first heard news of the execution: " 'Tis said up in Lunnon they have a-cut off the King's head. Glory, it cannot be? " To the King's men who had fought with him it was the end of the world, the eclipse of the sun, the death-blow to all their hopes.

A great crowd of townsfolk clamoured about the Town Hall, shouting. Puritans in steeple hats and dun cloaks were on



the steps of the Cross, fulminating against the Royal tyrant, calling down God's retribution on his head. Henry and brother Tom were in a huddle with friends, discussing gloomily the news, when a drunken Roundhead, spoiling for trouble, saw one of them cross himself. "No Popery here!" he hiccupped, lurching towards them. The Catholic met him with a blow in the face that sent him sprawling in the gutter. Clambering to his feet with an oath, the Roundhead drew his sword. The other followed suit.

Instantly the crowd was surging about them, shouting and cursing. Stones, market debris, rotten eggs flew through the air. Henry's party, fighting a way out with their swords, stood at bay with their backs to a narrow alley until the riot subsided and the

townsfolk melted away, still hooting and cursing.

It was the last dramatic episode in a life now given up to husbandry, poetry and the selfless treatment of poor villagers who needed his medical skill. From love his muse turned to religion, under the influence of George Herbert, and Catherine, noting the change, wondered: did he love her still?

She didn't like his religious verses, saw no money in them, preferred the love poems of their romantic courtship and early married years. She even went into tantrums, complaining that she was neglected, he was always praying, fasting, reading dull books, thinking more of his patients than of her. Had she known he would grow like that she would never have married him. She was only partly mollified when he swore he loved her and could not live without her.

But in her heart she knew. So much and so steadfastly did he cherish her that after she died bearing her fifth child he married her sister Elizabeth, who had carefully tended her and the family when she was ailing. Still he kept nearest his heart a kinswoman of the comrade who had fallen in battle at Rowton Heath in the stormy years of Royalist against Roundhead, never to be forgotten.

Clambering to his feet with an oath, the drunken Roundhead drew his sword. The other followed suit. Instantly the crowd was surging about them, shouting and cursing



Flamingoes at the London Zoo make their morning toilet in a pool, the sunlit water of which acts as their mirror, giving them a clear reflection



The Zoo polar bear enjoys bright sunshine but in high temperatures plainly "feels the weather"



Novel method of sun-bathing adopted by two Zoo dingoes. They recline back to back, facing both ways



King Penguins on parade. The onlookers receive a disdainful look from the leader of the parade

Sunbathing At The Zoo

By Craven Hill

"NEVER go round the Zoo during a heat-wave," the old hands will advise you. And, on general principles, that is sound enough counsel. For although the Gardens at Regents Park occupy only 34 acres, it is well to remember that they contain more than 40 houses, all now fully restocked, not to mention numerous paddocks and aviaries; and to attempt to "do everything" when the thermometer is soaring into the eighties is to invite an undue weariness of the flesh. And yet, for the visitor who does undertake the "Zoo visit" in such weather conditions, there are compensations. Not the least is that he will be able to note, perhaps for the first time, the unorthodox and often highly diverting ways in which the inmates react to high temperatures.

Many animals, of course—particularly those which hail from tropical countries—enjoy (Continued on page 52)

(On right) A Pelican at the London Zoo preens itself in the sunshine



A HERCULES of a man, Robert Fernside leaned across the table, gazing with eyes that withheld all expression at his plantation overseer. Fernside's bulk was emphasized by the short-sleeved shirt that was open at the neck, exposing the tanned smoothness of his chest and the muscles that blocked and rippled at his biceps and along his forearms.

He was familiar with Jimmy Chancellor's fidgety demeanour. In the past he had been partly amused, partly sorry, for the youngster's excitability. But to-day, though his face was expressionless as a mask, Fernside was regarding his assistant from a new angle.

Aware of the change in his employer's attitude, Chancellor

became more fidgety even than usual. His eager eyes met Fernside's candidly enough from time to time as they quested about the room, but a less intent observer than Fernside would have suspected that they betrayed uneasiness and uncertainty as he talked on about the affairs of the plantation, improvements he proposed to make to the copra drier, and other odds and ends such as make up the weekly reports of overseers on coconut plantations.

His long brown sensitive fingers played with a small idol fashioned by a native craftsman out of bastard ebony, twisting it round and round, turning it upside down and round and round again before restoring it to Fernside's table.

It was of a type common to the D'Entrecasteaux group, a

The Moment

grinning little figure, its head bald, elbows on knees, and two little chips of shining mother of pearl for eyes. Chancellor's scrappy conversation wandered on.

"A few of the boys have been sick. . . . Saw an alligator as I came round the river—a big one—a beaut."

He slapped his heavy revolver and said, "Took a pot shot at him and got him right through the eye. Good shooting, eh?"

The brown sensitive fingers had picked up another native curio, a primitive mortar and pestle, extremely well carved, such as natives use for pounding the fibres of the betel nut.

He squinted along the dark polish of the pestle, his finger tips caressing the small carved figure that adorned the handle. "Ingenious beggars, you've got to admit," he continued. "Given the finely tempered tools of modern sculptors, the chap who did this might turn out something exquisite. It has the boldness of Rodin with the delicacy of Michelangelo. Considering he used the primitive instruments of thousands of years ago—"

Fernside brushed off the comment on the carving.

"You were always a dead shot," he said.

From such a large man and deep-barrelled chest one would have expected a harsher voice, but Fernside's was captivating in its soft charm.

Jimmy Chancellor looked at him and grinned fleetingly. "It's a gift, Bob. I keep in practice, of course, but it just comes naturally. It's handy when I come across a croc., like I did to-day—snapped one into him, right into his eye, before he could slither round in the mud."

Fernside returned to his overseer's reference to the sick natives. "What's wrong with the boys who are ill?"

"Nothing much. Too much kai-kai when they caught a magani—it was a big fella wallaby—now they're suffering with a bit of belly walkabout—too much fresh meat after tinned bullmacow—be all right to-morrow."

The long brown fingers had laid aside the mortar and pestle and were rolling a cigarette. They worked neatly and swiftly. Fernside could understand the dexterity with which they could whip out the revolver and drill a crocodile before the saurian could slither away.

Beyond question the younger man was getting more and more fidgety as the afternoon wore on. It was beyond question, too, that each man knew the other was studying him in a new light, with a guardedness new and strange in their relationship.

Jimmy Chancellor had been on Likobi plantation for more than five years now. He had come straight to the plantation

SOMEONE else was also listening to the vanishing hoof beats of Chancellor's horse. White-faced and terror-stricken the beautiful young mistress of Likobi cowered back into the darkness



from the University, where his record had been brilliant but erratic. Unable temperamentally to settle himself to a legal career, he had answered the advertisement for an overseer on Likobi on impulse, and because he had been attracted by the words, "No previous plantation experience necessary, but knowledge of literature and fondness of good books essential."

Captivated by this curious stipulation in the qualifications of an overseer for a copra plantation on a remote Pacific island, he had answered the advertisement on the spot, and next day had interviewed Robert Fernside at the Hotel Australia.

HE had taken to Fernside on sight, and the big man had clearly reciprocated his liking. Perhaps it was because they were

Yet perhaps there was something soft about him, after all. It was not weakness, though, it was a sort of shyness—a curious quality in one so powerful and capable as the owner of Likobi. And, right now, the owner of Likobi had something on his mind, and Chancellor knew beyond all doubt what was troubling his employer. And it was a very nasty business.

When would come the moment of revelation? This was all the very devil of a mess, and what was to be done about it? When Fernside unleashed the volcano of wrath that was stirring within him, all hell would break loose and at least one human life, maybe two, even three, would be snuffed out.

Jimmy Chancellor shivered. How could he hurt this man by telling him the ugly truth? The owner of Likobi had been as

Of Revelation

Green-Eyed Jealousy Drove All Reason From Robert Fernside's Mind, And He Did Not Even Hear The Still Small Voice Of Truth

By Vince Kelly

such definite opposites. The first four years on Likobi had been wonderfully happy ones for him, and, he was sure, for Fernside, too.

For Fernside loved books, and this house of his was filled with them. He fought an unceasing war against the inroads of silverfish and mildew caused by the incessant humidity of the tropics. Carefully trained houseboys frequently took each book, dusted it, wiped it, and restored it to its own place on the shelves with almost tender care. They well knew that Fernside would have tolerated nothing less.

Spillane, whose plantation occupied the other end of the island, remarked derisively that Fernside was as picknickety about his books as an old maid.

Fernside did not mind. He not only loved reading, but, like the true book lover, felt an unquenchable thirst for discussing his reading with a mind that was erudite and companionable.

Such fellows as Spillane he brushed aside as clods unworthy of more notice than bare politeness. Spillane admitted, almost boastfully, that he never read anything unless it was "light and spicy," and his interest in Fernside's library evaporated in disappointment when he found that such classics as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Frank Harris's *Life and Loves*, and other "spicy" volumes were in French, which he was unable to read.

His disappointment had brought a curl of contemptuous amusement to Fernside's heavy lips, and he was openly disgusted with such a shallow pornography hunter as Spillane. But Chancellor was no Spillane. He was a faster reader than Fernside, and, in spite of his youth, had browsed more widely in the lush pastures of literature.

The overseer had finished his cigarette. He flicked it through the window and blew a final cloud of smoke at a native war club hung above his employer's left shoulder. Its head was fashioned in the shape of a pineapple.

Chancellor had seen a native run amok with one, and it had not been a pretty sight. He hated violence, and recalled occasions, with some anger against himself, when he felt squeamish in the stomach at the sight of men fighting.

He supposed it was something womanish and weak in his make-up that made him feel that way. It was probably linked with his love of books, but Fernside loved books as much as he did; there was nothing womanish about big Robert Fernside.



kind and considerate as a father to him in these past five years. What a mess it all was—what a hellish mess!

And what had made Fernside so suddenly suspicious? It had been easy enough to fool him since the affair began—how long ago—quite a few weeks now, wasn't it?

It was only last March—not quite a year ago—that Fernside had returned from his last trip to Australia bringing with him a young and pretty wife. To Chancellor, his employer's bride could not have been more unexpected a visitor if she had dropped from the clouds.

Compared with Fernside, his Rene was a butterfly, a light and dainty creature, whose small, rounded beauty made her seem like a child when she stood at her husband's side that first evening welcoming the overseer.

Where the devil had these two met? wondered Chancellor. The girl had been on the stage, an almost unnoticed soubrette. Well, she was pretty enough to get a wealthy husband, even if she was not clever enough to carve a career for herself as an actress. Anyway, it was none of his business.

She seemed happy enough, and it was plain that big Bob Fernside idolized her. He encouraged his overseer to come to

decay's effacing fingers have swept the lines where beauty lingers. . . . Well, you couldn't blame her for that.

Fernside was not the type to appeal to a fluffy-minded soubrette. For a while his splendid, rugged masculinity would hold her interest—after that, what? The overseer could guess shrewdly from their first meeting, and that was the way things had turned out.

That was why they were standing here now in Fernside's office, close enough

positive, and the overseer sensed that Fernside believed he had that proof. Nothing else could explain his present constraint, his stony, contemplative, withdrawing attitude.

Well, it was Fernside's own fault for marrying a girl like Rene, a girl whom no man could hope to hold and possess exclusively while another man was handy. So the fault was certainly big Bob Fernside's, arising out of the misfortune that he idealized women and knew nothing

Illustrations

by

Tony Weare



THE plantation owner hauled his sweating horse to a halt and swung to the ground as lightly as a jockey. "Get your revolver and come down here or I'll shoot you where you stand"

about them except what he had read in his books.

THE shadows were darkening outside. A native entered and lit the big hanging lamp above the desk, and went out again. The swaying of the lamp made the shadows leap and wave grotesquely. Fernside turned about slowly. Without looking at the overseer, he began to fill his pipe, methodically, as he did everything.

He blew out the flame of the match and laid the fragment of wood in the ashtray on his desk. Here it comes! thought Chancellor, and rubbed his lips as though absentmindedly to control their twitching.

Fernside said, "There is something that must be settled between you and me. I have been giving the matter a great deal of thought—and I am still undecided."

As Chancellor opened his mouth to speak, Fernside raised his hand and commanded, "I don't want you to say anything just yet. I know you will be ready with a torrent of excuses."

"I—I don't want to—"

Chancellor wanted to cry out that he had no excuses to make, but before the blazing rage in the (Continued on page 61)

the house as often as possible, and warmed when they chattered and laughed together "in the morn and liquid dew of youth," as he put it.

"It does my wife good to have someone more her own age about the house occasionally," he explained. "It must get very dull for her sometimes. If she only liked books more, what a world of pleasure it would be for her."

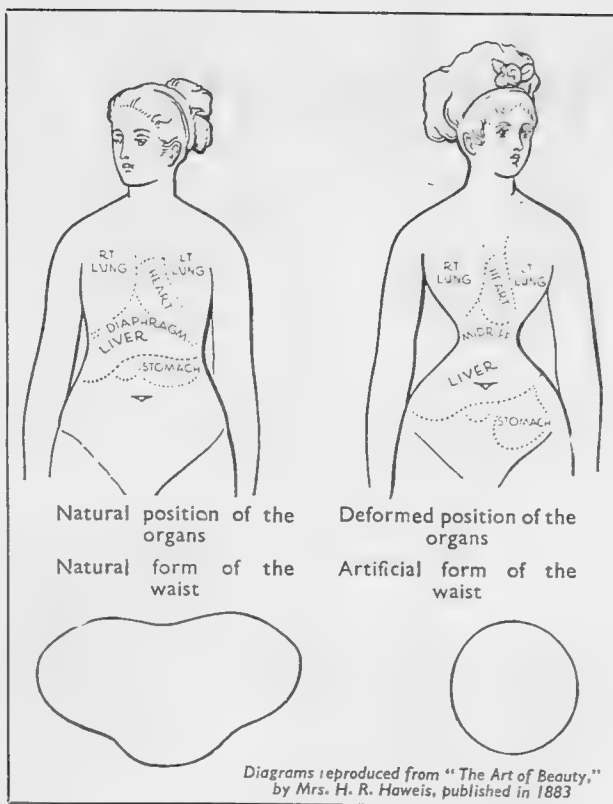
The note of regret in his voice moved Chancellor to think of Rene and her reasons for marrying Fernside—"Before

physically, but divided by mental turmoil that made the atmosphere electric and foreboding. Whence had come the evidence that influenced his hostility?

Not from Rene, if the overseer knew anything. The mistress of Likobi was too clever, much too discreet for that. "Trifles, light as air, are, to the jealous, confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." Damn Shakespeare! But, granting that Fernside had become jealous, he would not be swayed by brooding imagination. He would want proof

Wasp Waists

By Lady Ingram



even the "baby" department, in the end, causing serious misplacements which affect the whole system and well being of the victim.

We are told that it was a Mademoiselle Pantine who is responsible for starting the fashion of wasp waists. If so we must trust that a punishment to fit the crime

has been found for her where she now is, and that she is eternally encased in cast iron corsets with spikes!

But of course, corsets were worn in very early times. Roman ladies used them—but theirs were harmless and boneless, merely giving them a neat, compact look without doing any damage; and one has but to look at portraits of Queen Elizabeth to see that it probably took at least three hefty wenches to lace her into her bejewelled corselets. Elizabeth's face also bears witness to tight-lacing. Her excessive pallor, the pinched nose—which *must* have been red—and that harassed, drawn look are all symptomatic of the uncomfortable interior of an habitual tight-lacer.

I wonder why normal women elect to change their shape at all. They have a very good shape that has inspired artists and sculptors through the ages. Of course, it is understandable that those whose shape is not

beautiful should try to disguise the fact. Many fashions are suspect of having become popular for this very reason. Crinolines, bustles, paniers, hoops and heavy draperies all conceal defects and are anything but flattering to the possessor of a naturally good shape.

The wasp waist comes into a slightly different category. It is certainly no improvement to a good figure, but on the other hand, anyone with a really bad shape—especially if fat is the defect—can probably not achieve it at all. But one has but to take a silhouette of the feminine figure before tight-lacing and place it beside the silhouette of one with a pinched-in waist—with its disproportionately wide hips, pushed up bosom, and absurdly accentuated shoulders—to see what a monstrous absurdity has been perpetrated.

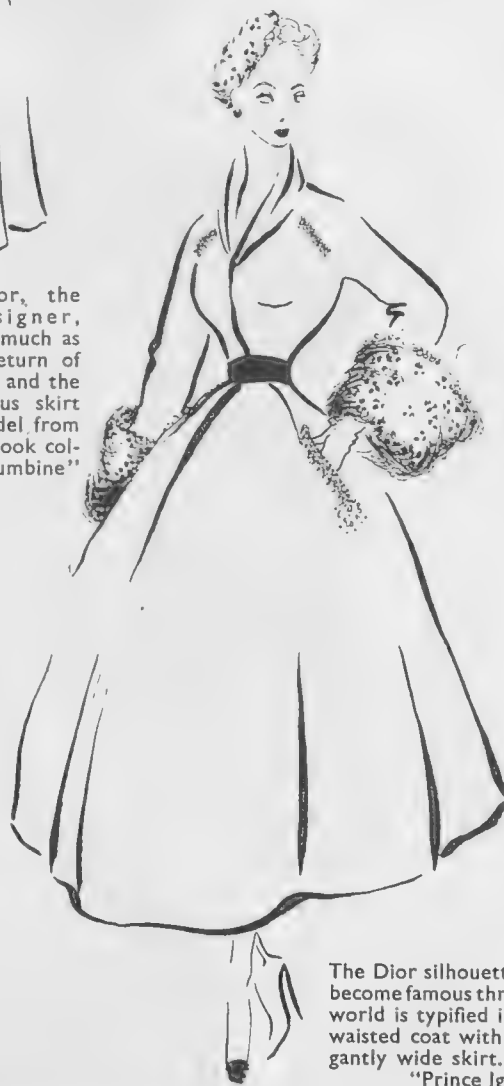
If it was folly in the past for women to squeeze themselves out of shape, surely it is doubly idiotic for them to do so nowadays, when women of all classes have to work harder, do more actual manual labour than has ever been demanded of them before, and do it in less time.

Then, as far as sport is concerned, in days gone by when ladies took no more violent exercise than a leisurely game of croquet, or a decorous set of tennis that never was sufficiently energetic to make them either pant or perspire, when they hacked or hunted in a manner that befitted their elaborate toilettes and—be it noted—their tight stays, tight-lacing was, perhaps, just bearable. But do *we* intend to return to this mode of life? Or shall we discard our corsets when we play tennis, have a hard day's hunting or a strenuous round of golf? If so, we shall find the same agonizing difficulty of returning to our encasement as do those who remove a too tight shoe under the dinner table and have to force it on again when the meal is over.

One would have thought that women labour under sufficient handicaps in these days—what with queueing, labour shortage, strap-hanging and (Continued on page 52)



Christian Dior, the French designer, responsible as much as any for the return of the wasp waist and the long voluminous skirt called this model from his first New Look collection, "Columbine"



The Dior silhouette which has become famous throughout the world is typified in this wasp-waisted coat with its extravagantly wide skirt. He calls it "Prince Igor"

SO now we have all got to have small waists again! What incredible folly it is to allow such an edict to be forced upon us, especially after the emancipation and lack of restriction we have enjoyed for a quarter of a century.

However there is every chance that the trials and tribulations we have brought down on our heads—or rather our middles!—will prove more than we can tolerate, and soon we shall fling our whalebone horrors into the dustbins and once again be able to breathe freely.

The other day, I came across a "Beauty Book" published in 1883. It was in many respects amazingly applicable to present day fashions, and devoted a long chapter to the evils of tight lacing. I gazed with horror at the two lurid diagrams which showed exactly what stays do to our insides. They were not a pretty sight and there is no denying that the pressure tight corsets apply to the ribs, injure the lungs, heart, liver, stomach, and

The Modernist

A Young Man Should Not Say Things On The Spur Of The Moment — Especially To A Married Woman

USUALLY Mrs. Coryton met her husband with the car at the station but he had caught an earlier train and decided that he would walk. The nearest way to his house was by the lane into which the gate at the end of his garden opened. It was uphill, and the afternoon sultry. There was a comfortable seat just inside the garden behind the rhododendrons which bordered the tennis court, and that afternoon it was particularly inviting. It was too early for tea. . . . Anyway, a few minutes later, Coryton was asleep.

He was awakened by the sound of voices at the other side of the rhododendrons. He glanced at his watch and sat up; it was nearly half-past four.

"I love you, Fleur!" It was a man's voice, and recalled him sharply to alert consciousness.

He knew the voice: it was young Clissold, and the urgent passion in the words was equally unmistakable.

"Don't talk nonsense!" This was his wife's voice, calm, collected, but rather irritated.

"It's not nonsense, Fleur, and you know it. I've loved you since that first afternoon we played here together."

"More fool you," was the reply.

"You're cold . . . cold as ice."

"As a matter of fact, I'm perspiring." He heard Fleur's laugh. "Now listen," she went on: "If there is going to be any more of this nonsense I won't let you come here at all. Indeed, I will tell my husband. I am extremely annoyed with your silliness."

"He's a thousand times more interested in his damned money-making than he is in you," Clissold retorted. "It's simply incredible that a man married to such a girl as you should rot away day after day grubbing for money."

"We have to live. Incidentally, the court we have been playing on is provided by his work."

"Let's not talk about him, Fleur. He's an old man—"

"He's a man," she said, with an emphasis which could hardly have been lost on her companion.

"But he's not old. Actually he's forty-four."

"Age is not wholly a matter of years. He has old, fixed ideas. And you're young. You're Youth! Why, he's bald!"

"No he isn't," she said. "He hasn't as much hair as you have—yours badly needs a cut, by the way—but what does hair matter, anyway? It's the grey matter immediately underneath that counts, and there you're an also-ran, I'm afraid. Now do you want another set or are you going to clear out? Frankly, unless you snap out of this stupid mood I'd rather you cleared out."

"But I love you, Fleur," he protested. "All right," he went on, suddenly noticing the expression on her face. "Let's have another set."

CORYTON emerged from the rhododendrons as they were about to begin.

"Hallo!" his wife called to him in surprise. "Where on earth have you come from?"

"I walked up," he said. "Get on with the game, my dear. I'll watch." He settled down in one of the deck chairs and for the next few minutes Coryton was thinking hard.

The fact on which his thoughts pivoted was his dislike of young Clissold. It was not merely that he had attempted to make love to Fleur; he was a type that John Coryton disliked. In a sense he could have forgiven his making love—or attempting to make love—to Fleur. Coryton himself was in love with her, but Clissold was one of those feckless, modern youths in whom intolerance and conceit are the main ingredients. As Coryton watched him, he could tell that he was disgruntled, that he was *annoyed*—as well as surprised—that Fleur had not responded to him.

The set finished, Fleur and Clissold joined Coryton. In his way, the young man was passably good-looking, but there was a weakness round his mouth that the elder man had noticed before.

"What made you get down so early, John?" Fleur asked.

"I felt like it, my dear; I suppose I'm getting a bit tired of grinding away all day and every day."

"I'm glad you came, anyway. I'll go over to the house and tell them to bring your tea out here."

"Thanks, dear. I want a chat with Clissold, anyway."

"She's very beautiful," Coryton said to the younger man as he watched his wife cross the garden.

"Yes," said Clissold, shortly.

"HE'S a thousand times more interested in his damned money-making than he is in you," Clissold retorted. "It's simply incredible that a man married to such a girl as you should rot away day after day grubbing for money"



By Holloway Horn

"I'm not in the least surprised that you are in love with her," Coryton went on.

"What . . . what on earth do you mean?" Clissold demanded. The limply held cigarette drooped from his mouth.

"As I usually do—what I said. Do you deny it?"

"Look here, Mr. Coryton. . . ."

"Well?"

"This is . . . this is an outrage. You've been eavesdropping."

"Hardly that, Clissold. There's no need for you to get excited—you should never get excited on a hot day like this. But you did not answer my question."

"Since you apparently overheard what I said to Fleur, it would be idle for me to deny it. In a way, I am in love with her."

"In what way?" Coryton asked, in that maddeningly gentle voice he could assume on occasion.

"Oh, hang it all, one cannot analyse. . . ."

"I thought that was just what you young people did do. You say that you are in love with my wife 'in a way.' I repeat my very natural question: in what way?"

"In the modern way—if you insist. I don't suppose you would understand."

"That, possibly, is where you are mistaken. I *do* understand. Still, let's get back to the main point: in the modern way, you are in love with Fleur?"

"Look here, I've had enough of this.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey



A fellow says things on the spur of the moment. And, anyway, no gentleman would eavesdrop."

"Are you a gentleman? I'm not being rude; I merely want to know."

"Yes," said Clissold, stubbornly.

"In the modern way?" pursued Coryton.

"If you will."

"Of course, it's awkward—falling in love with a married lady; it makes things difficult."

"The old ideas have been scrapped."

"So I've been told—indeed, most modern books have it as their theme. But as a gentleman—in the modern manner—you will appreciate that love—even modern love—involves certain responsibilities. Your father, the vicar, I'm sure would support me in that."

"Leave him out of it, please," but Coryton had noticed the sudden change in the youngster's tone.

"I'm afraid we cannot," he said even more gently. "You're reading for the Bar, I believe?"

"Yes."

"I don't suppose you're in a position to support a wife without your father's assistance; therefore, we cannot very well leave the vicar out of it."

"A wife? What are you talking about?"

"It's a simple English word. The last thing I desire to do is to stand in the way of Fleur's happiness. I have seen the way things were drifting for some time past, and I have made up my mind to give her her freedom. You will be able to marry her. Nowadays, even people like the vicar are beginning to look with more toleration on divorced persons, so I do not think you need anticipate trouble from that quarter for very long."

"I don't understand you. I haven't a bean. When I said I was in love with her . . . I . . . I . . ."

"Exactly!" Coryton cut in. "But to a gentleman there is only one course open. It's a little old-fashioned, but then men and women, as such, are fairly old-fashioned, if you come to think of it. Perhaps I'd better drop in and see the vicar this evening myself. I see no reason why there should be any bad feeling. It depends so much on one's approach. These things happen, of course, and there you are!"

"Look here . . . for the love of Mike, don't go to the vicar!"

"But one cannot keep a thing like divorce secret. You should have thought of that before you began to make love to my wife. These last weeks you've

been dancing attendance on her. . . ."

"Hang it all, it didn't mean anything. She just laughed at me. Why make a song and dance about it?"

"For a lawyer, your language is singularly loose. I'm neither singing nor dancing. I find myself up against a set of circumstances and am facing them squarely and not pretending, in the modern manner, that they aren't there. You are, I suppose, twenty-four. Fleur is only a few years older. Unhappily, she has no money of her own, but, naturally, if you love in the modern way, such sordid considerations do not enter into the question. Would eight o'clock be convenient for the vicar?"

"If you see the pater, the whole panful of fat will be in the fire. He'll boot me out! He just won't stand for it!"

"I don't suppose for a moment that he will burst into tears of joy or anything like that, but one cannot help these complications in important things like marriage. Even if he does, your personal responsibility is not lessened. It is, after all, your duty, not the vicar's, to provide for your wife. You, as a lawyer, must know that. In any case, he will see that it is necessary to adopt the modern attitude."

"Are you mad or am I?" the wretched youth demanded.

"It is not I," said Coryton gravely. "Oh! Here is my wife. We will talk it over, I am sure, in a friendly, modern spirit. There is not the least necessity for anything in the nature of an open rupture. Thank goodness that modern, civilized people can adjust these little differences in a gentlemanly manner. A hundred years ago I should probably have called you out and shot you—or been shot. And that would make rather a mess of things. No . . . in some things I must give the moderns best." (Continued on page 64)

"*SHE'S very beautiful,*" Coryton said to the younger man as he watched his wife cross the garden



Petticoat Influence

FEMININITY is the fashion. Frilled petticoats swishing under dance dresses and rustling prettily under summer frocks are symbolical of the influence which pervades everything we wear.

Accessory details contrive to assist the build-up and are important in helping to establish the theme. A diminished waist, a longer skirt is incomplete unless accessories are in the mood.

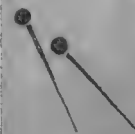
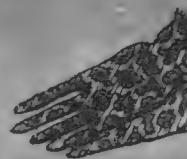
To get that finished look remember to balance a longer skirt with higher heels. Though you may be faithful to peep-toe and sling-back styles, plump for the ankle-strap type of footwear. Pretty feet and ankles are more important now that legs are partially concealed.

Wear a choker necklace if your neck is slender. Otherwise don't, please; wear a bewitching hat with a veil tied under the chin if you are in your twenties, but if you have left them behind tie the veil *behind the head*. This, too, is enchanting and more appropriate for the not-so-young. This is a tip from a Paris milliner and worth remembering.

Buy gloves with your whole wardrobe rather than with one outfit in mind. Bracelet-length sleeves call for short, wrist-length gloves or, for more formal wear, longer ones which reach under the hem of the sleeve. In-between lengths flopping around the wrist are slovenly.

With the cost of everything on the ceiling make your choice of handbag and gloves in such a way that they will go with different outfits. Light stone, or beige, matches with dark and light clothes. Choose a handbag substantial enough for suits and light enough for summer dresses, and buy one good one rather than two cheaper ones.

Like many others, you may, for practical reasons, be lagging behind the new fashions, but accessories will go a long way towards giving you "the delicate air."





Bride

To be happy as a bride is something that just comes naturally, but to be beautiful and composed requires some careful planning.

YOUR wedding is going to be wonderful—the caterer has come up to scratch and promised something drinkable for the reception; most of the presents, up to now, have really been “just what you wanted”; the bridesmaids are all agog, and You—the centre of all this commotion—have you thought enough about yourself lately to ensure that you are really radiant on the Day?

You will, I hope, have had your permanent wave at least two months in advance of the wedding, so that your hair now looks as if each unconsidered ripple grew naturally upon your head. But have you been constant enough in the smaller pamperings? There are people, of course, with sufficient stamina to withstand the dual upheavals of being in love and arranging a wedding with their bloom unimpaired, but there are exceptions, too, and you may be one of them, so be advised and take every care of yourself.

If you have never been to a beauty parlour in your life, go to one now. Go several times if possible and watch your skin begin to bloom under the treatment of skilled fingers. Have an expert manicure, and if pennies count, continue the treatment yourself. If you are wearing a lovely dress for your wedding these important details of grooming will impart their own brilliance.

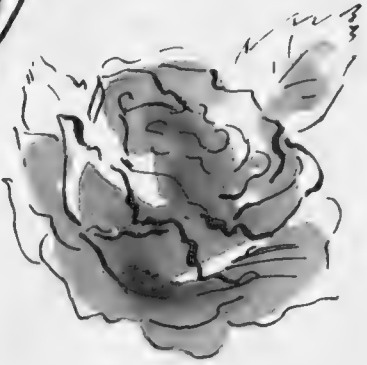
Make a point—however busy you are—of getting reasonably early to bed. Too much fussing, too much arranging and too many “thank you” letters can result in your arrival at the altar as a neurotic wreck. Give yourself time to enjoy these exciting days and being in love.

Naturally you want your wedding to be wonderful, and, of course, you want it to be a little different from other weddings. To-day, when brilliant weddings are exclusive to the few, ingenuity with colour is perhaps the best way to give a cachet to the affair.

Wear ice-blue satin with zircons for ornament and bridesmaids in ice-blue net. Let the bridesmaids carry small bouquets of pink and purple rhododendron. These brilliant flowers make wonderful bouquets when the large flowers are

Brides in white should be pale and interesting, but not pallid. Use a pink-and-white make-up on. The Day and, this once, choose a hair-do which is at ease with whatever style of head-dress you are wearing.

Grooming



For a midsummer marriage, decorate the church with honeysuckle, or introduce it into the bouquets so that, ever after, the sweet perfume will remind people of "that pretty wedding."

separated and worked into tight posies. Plan a bridal retinue in the pink of the palest sweet-pea, or if you are tall and dark (and fortunate enough to get the material for it) pierce the shadows of the church with the panoply of a gown of gold brocade or lamé. If you decide to have a wedding with a "period" flavour, watch your step. It can be lovely or slightly ludicrous, as in the case of a plump young woman who astonished an entire county by appearing at her wedding as the Lilly Maid of Astolat—stomacher, wimple and all complete. Be very certain you are of the right type and of the right proportions to wear a period gown.

If you are looking for ideas, you could revive the enchanting Victorian fashion of bride and bridesmaids in purest white organdie, very slightly crinolined, with the skirts caught up with flowers and necklines accentuated by delicate green leaves. The round bouquets should be of camellias edged with their own leaves, and there should be no other colour relief.

For church and reception stick to your colour scheme. If it is an all-white wedding have white flower decorations. Fortunately this is a less costly season for flowers, but if expense is a problem don't overlook the possibility of country flowers. Poppies and cornflowers arranged with ears of corn are brilliantly effective. Tall branches of pale young leaves with spikes of larkspur or lupins are wonderful.

As for yourself, do your planning and packing in good time to allow at least a part of the day before your wedding to yourself. Take things quietly and refuse to be panicked by that inexplicable atmosphere of crisis which always blows up before a wedding. The flowers *will* arrive on time; there *will* be enough chairs to go round, and your tiresome Uncle will not say the wrong thing in his speech. Even if he does, everybody will be in much too good a humour to care.

Give yourself the luxury of an afternoon rest on the day before the Day. Keep away from telephones and door-bells. Go to the cinema and leave it all, or abandon the family and sit quietly with a comprehending woman friend. This day of relaxation will ensure that you are a happy bride and, what is even more difficult on these occasions, a composed and lovely one.

Have that studio photograph of you in your wedding gown that you are going to keep all your life taken before the wedding day. This way you can take your ease and look your loveliest and the photographer can work with time and calmness on his side.

Bridal veils are hard to come by unless you have an heirloom or an obliging friend to lend you one. If you have neither, a lace mantilla, worn over a high comb, with a flower at the temple, is charming, and old lace is available.

Glance at a Winterhalter painting and you will see how romantic unrelieved white and green can be as a colour scheme. An all-white bridal retinue with white flowers relieved only with dark green leaves is heavenly.





Tailored Waistcoat

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. of Lee's "Beacon" 3-ply wool ; one pair each of No. 11 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 9 small buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins. ; all round underarms, 34 ins.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

Worked in k. 1, p. 1, rib. With No. 11 needles, cast on 110 sts. Work 1 in. Change to No. 12 needles and work 2 ins. Change to No. 11 needles and continue increasing 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 120 sts. and 10 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 96 sts. remain ; continue without further shaping until armhole measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

The front is worked in the following pattern :
1st and 2nd rows.—* k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * to end.

3rd and 4th rows.—* p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to end. These 4 rows form pattern.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles, cast on 3 sts.

1st row.—K. 1, p. 1 to end.

2nd row.—Inc. in first st. Work to end of row. Cast on 4 sts.

Next row.—Work back inc. in last stitch.

Next row.—Inc. in first stitch. Work to end of row. Cast on 4 sts. (Contd. on page 66)

Dainty Blouse

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. of "La Laine" Super Fingering 2-ply ; one pair each of No. 11 and No. 13 knitting needles ; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard velvet ribbon ; No. 1 steel crochet hook ; 3 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 17 ins. ; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins. ; underarm of sleeve seam, 6 ins.

TENSION : 11 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 11 needles, cast on 127 sts. Rows 1, 2 and 3 knit.

Next row.—* k. 4, k. 2 tog., make 1. Repeat from * to end.

Rows 5 and 6 knit. Continue in the following pattern :

1st row.—K. 1, p. 1, * k. 3, p. 1. Repeat from * ending k. 1.

2nd row.—K. 1, * p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to end. These 2 rows form main pattern. Continue until 10 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 103 sts. Next 2 rows : slip 1, purl to the last st., k. 1.

Work in the following lace pattern :
1st row.—* K. 1, w.f., k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., w.f. (Continued on page 66)

ABBREVIATIONS : K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; sts. = stitches ; tog. = together ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; w.r.n. = wool round needle ; w.f. = wool forward ; beg. = beginning.



Dressed For Sport



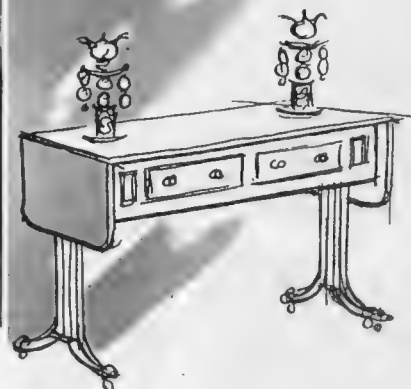
AT sport, at the sea, or just relaxing at the week-ends, you need clothes which are easy to wear and easy to look at. This season, smart and comfortable woollies seem to be making more frequent appearances in the stores. It may not last, so do your shopping early.

On the left above is Jaeger's useful and becoming wool Jerkin, ideal to wear with slacks or shorts. It is made in several good colours and can be worn sloppy-fashion without the belt. At the centre, above, is a navy-and-white striped sweater, another Jaeger garment, with dolman sleeves and a high neckline. The girl in slacks is wearing Dorville's candy-striped Sloppy-Joe sweater and the figure on the right is in corduroy shorts with a grey-and-white check lumber jacket with thick white wool sleeves and collar from Simpsons, of Piccadilly. The Easygoer shoes are smart and comfortable to wear with all the clothes illustrated.

For further particulars of these clothes write to the Fashion Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.



A romantic landscape in oils, in a gilt frame, matches in time and mood an early eighteenth-century room. This Italian landscape by Wilson and other originals illustrated from Heal's Art Gallery.



A Perfect

SOME people choose pictures to live with for their artistic merit; others select them with a view to filling up the spaces on the wall. On both sides there is a disposition to overlook the relationship between the pictures and the general feeling of the decorative scheme.

The perfect picture is the one chosen not only for its appeal, or its merit as a picture, but for its good relationship with the room in which it is to be seen. Pictures must either merge into their setting or, if they are important enough, form the nucleus about which the scheme is built.

The mellow grandeur of an Old Master, ponderously framed, is not in the mood of a modern, functional scheme of decoration. This kind of room is better served by, perhaps, a contemporary flower picture. The impact of such virile colouring gives the stimulant that such rooms require.

Mounts and frames are important, too. Modern pictures with clear colours take a white-painted frame well, while the formal lines of modern furniture agree with the ornateness of a carved and moulded frame, which seems out of place in, say, a period room of delicate Sheraton or Hepplewhite furniture.

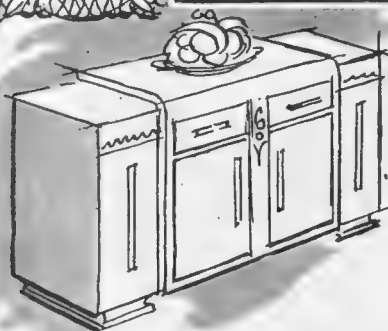
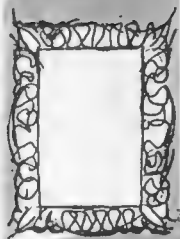
Old pictures, especially oil paintings, whether in reproduction or originals, are improved by gilded frames. Prints, etchings and water-colours frequently call for a bold mount to prevent their fading into the wallpaper. Mounts should pick up the general

tones of the picture. Palest pink, gold, green or primrose-tinted mounts give added importance to delicate subjects. In these cases the framing should be unobtrusive.

THE size of pictures should be balanced with the proportions of the room in which they are hung. Small rooms cannot be expected to support imposing pictures any more than wide wall spaces should be decorated with miniatures unless they are grouped together to give a sense of proportion with their background. In a large room, for instance, one picture of moderate size can be hung effectively with several small subjects grouped around it.

It goes without saying that pictures should be hung where they can best be seen. Depending upon the size and loftiness of the room as well as the size and subject matter of the picture, so should level be selected. Miniatures, small prints and all subjects which cannot be appreciated at a distance should be hung at eye-level, or, in a low-ceilinged room, even below this.

Reproductions of the familiar pictures call for an original arrangement if they are to strike a fresh note. Several small ones in matching frames can be used together in a group. In a hall, a row of prints at eye-level with identical mounts and frames should have a matching set ascending the staircase wall. In a narrow hall without furniture this is quite sufficient to



Colourful pictures and rich frames change utility schemes from severity to streamlined elegance. This modern flower study by Rosemary Haward, called "Amber and White," has a white, moulded wood frame.



Prints and early English water-colours, such as this landscape by Paul Sandby, in wide mounts and narrow gilt frames, are a wise choice for the room with no predominating style.



Picture

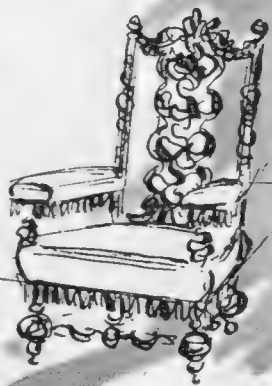
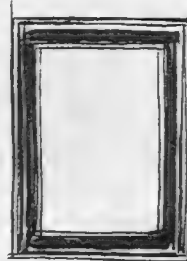
give distinction.

Pictures for a bedroom should be restful both in colouring and in subject matter. The days of the Victorian bedroom picture, uplifting in spirit if not in fact, with angels clinging by their bare toes to storm-lashed rocks, are happily no more, but we still tend to hang pictures in the bedroom because we happen to possess them, whether or not they are good to contemplate in our hours of ease.

Japanese prints are delightful set against the pastel shades most commonly used for bedrooms. Their fragility of colouring is particularly apt and can often be matched or contrasted with the background wall colouring with exquisite effect.

The paper shortage continues to minimise the supply of good reproductions, but where the smaller art dealer fails, one can still buy beautiful and inexpensive reproductions at the public art galleries. The expensive décor may be beyond one's means, but the world's most priceless pictures are available at a cost within reach of the smallest pocket.

(On right.) Gay yet restful, "Zinnias," by Evelyn Harris, makes a lovely bedroom picture. A natural wood frame is an exquisite foil for the orange, yellow, blue and muted pink tones of the picture.



For a Jacobean room, choose an Old Master, typified by this famous Van Eyck portrait at the National Gallery, in a wide gilt frame.



Not a Thing

Though you do not share Rita Hayworth's problem which fur coat to wear you can be well turned out on what you have

to wear...

MOST women give voice at some time to the despairing cry: "I've not a thing to wear." In most cases what is really meant is that what we have to wear isn't in a wearable condition. A suit needs to be sponged and pressed, a frock ought to go to the cleaners, a skirt needs a hem adjustment, and there is nothing in which we can look our best NOW.

Good grooming, like genius, consists of an infinite capacity for taking pains—not just spasmodically, but as a routine measure. Once the habit is formed, it is done almost without thinking, and the reward is the ability to meet any Special Occasion without hand-wringing.

Get into the habit of giving suits, skirts and tailored dresses a weekly valeting. Brush



well first, then remove any spots: lastly, press under a damp cloth. For a quick freshen-up, hang your suit in the bathroom while you bathe, to benefit from the crease-removing influence of steam. Clothes undergoing this treatment must be hung carefully on hangers—not bundled on to a peg or hook.

Use an accredited spot-remover for taking out small stains: a tip from an expert is to moisten the turn-up of your hem with the remover and use this on the spot. Self material, for no explainable reason, does the job better than anything else.

For a professional finish, tack pleats into place before pressing; always before packing or putting away for out of season. Make sure clothes are spotless before they go into seasonal storage.

Continental women get that band-box look by caring for their accessories as carefully as their clothes. Hand-bags and shoes should have rest-days. Put clean tissue-paper inside both, when not in use, and give them the benefit of intelligent cleaning. Brush-out the inside of your hand-bag frequently, and rub over the lining with a damp cloth dipped in weak ammonia and water.

Good grooming means having two veils for each hat, so that you can ring the changes and keep each crisp. Limp veiling can be given a temporary new lease of life by pressing between two damp cloths. An alternative is to dissolve half a teaspoonful of liquid gum (the stationery kind) in about $\frac{3}{4}$ -pint of water. Rinse the net in the liquid and press before quite dry. To mix the stiffener add a little boiling water to the gum, stirring well, and let it cool.

The golden rule for all dress accessories is: "If in doubt, leave out." Trimmings should be just that little bit newer and fresher than the outfit they accompany.

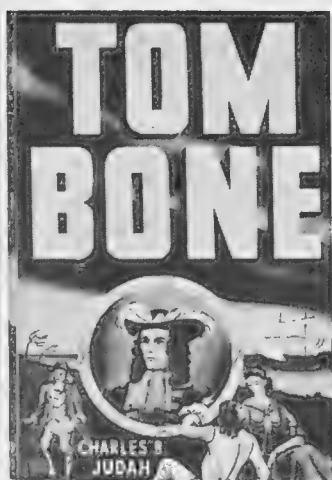
What, No Soap?

The problem of keeping clothes and accessories immaculate is increased in summer when light dresses as well as blouses and lingerie have to make more frequent trips to the wash-tub with increased pressure on the soap ration.

Soap substitutes are a welcome standby, being unrationed, and are available now in different forms designed for household washing and for the skin.

One range of products includes a new soap substitute which will produce a good lather suitable for dealing gently with precious crystal and silver besides the general weekly wash. The same range includes a coupon-free product for washing up and removing grease and dirt from wood surfaces, floors, etc.

Another preparation of interest to Spring-Cleaners and amateur house decorators is a cream cleanser for use on the hands after dirty work. It contains solvents and emulsifying agents which dissolve dirt, grease, and paint and leaves the skin smooth and soft. We can tell you more about these preparations if you care to write to the Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.



Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen

IT'S bracing to read of unconventional folk in these docketed days; and circus people, I suppose, are as free and versatile as any. Reco, the Great Blondini wire-walker, for example, has worked as miner, farmhand, tumbled for coppers on market days, wandered the road with performing donkeys, served as "fill-in" clown, been penniless, and now owns his own show. There is much about him and other Big Toppers in Lady Eleanor Smith's "British Circus Life" (Harrap, 18s.) edited by W. J. Turner, with additions by John Hinde, and beautifully pictured in colour and black-and-white: a book that takes one behind the scenes on an intimate tour of the day-to-day life.

A FAR-OFF dream of atelier love, idealistic work and careless poverty is the *Vie de Boheme* Henry Murger knew a century ago. Arthur Moss and Evalyn Marvel, who have lived many years in France, re-create the period vividly in a novelized biography, "The Legend of the Latin Quarter" (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.), which presents the Bohemians as no mere corduroy fooling but a serious movement.

MR. DENIS MACKAIL's nostalgia is not for a lost Bohemia but for the Kensington of his childhood, with its chimney-sweeps, Jack-in-the-Green and Italian organ-grinders. In "Where Am I?" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) he contrasts the *then* and *now*, typified by the "Ministry of Stomachs," the "crazy ingenuity with which in one and the same announcement—published, by the way, at your expense—it will advise you to eat what you can't obtain, and to obtain what you don't want to eat." All who sentimentalize the "good old" Victorian days will love these memoirs and shed a tear with him when, in the end, he returns to his old home and finds it a repository for a big store!

MISS BARBARA CARTLAND is nostalgic, too—for the colourful social days preceding "The Years of Opportunity, 1939-45" (Hutchinson, 18s.) in which she records wartime impressions and contacts, particularly through her work with the Women's Services. There are

Wife Or Mistress?

THE loves of princes and kings have a habit of turning in their graves. Centuries after their beauty is dust they may still set us debating: were they just mistress or more? In "Lucy Walter, Wife or Mistress?" (Harrap, 12s. 6d.) Lord George Scott, investigating the claim of Monmouth's mother that she was also wife to Charles II and no mere interlude, takes the view that she was traduced morally for political reasons, especially by James II who was most bitter on the subject of her son. Hyde was hostile because he wanted the monarchy restored at all costs, and saw—when in 1646 it was persistently rumoured that the Prince had secretly married before leaving the country—that there might be no Restoration if it were known or believed. I found the author's expert handling of the documentary evidence, *pro* and *con*, as baffling as a detective mystery; but poor Lucy will have to turn again, for the verdict is still an open one.

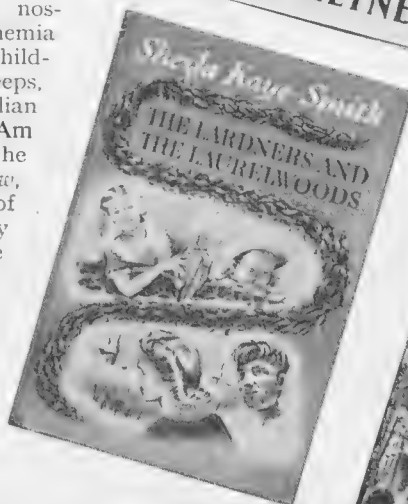
personalities, human stories, a warm philosophy, a picture of solid Bedfordshire folk "seeing it through," and it is good to hear that she generally found the U.S. airman and

G.I. "a well-behaved, decent-living, fine-principled boy" not sophisticated or polished, often adolescent in outlook and knowledge, but all right at heart.

WHEN a friend complained to Stephen Crane of Ford Madox Hueffer's *arrogance* (before he changed his name to Ford Madox Ford) Crane replied: "You must not mind Hueffer; that is his way—he patronizes me, he patronizes Mr. Conrad, he patronizes Mr. (Henry) James. When he goes to Heaven he will patronize God Almighty. But God Almighty will get used to it, for Hueffer is all right." Mr. Douglas Goldring, his assistant on the "English Review" which he founded, and thereafter a lifelong friend, comes to the same conclusion, despite his many faults, in "The Last Pre-Raphaelite" (MacDonald, 15s.), a biography of literary excellence though at times it has to deal with literary bores. A frank sketch of the involved Violet Hunt affair is not the least of its attractions.

PERHAPS one of the best dog stories is Labouchere's of the woman who had to make a meal of her pet in the siege of Paris, then swept the bones aside, sighing: "How poor Fido would have enjoyed them." Sir William Beach Thomas, as befits a countryman, has a great love of dogs, and especially of a favourite spaniel—"The Way of a Dog" (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.) is a tribute to all kinds of canines, written with wide knowledge and sympathy.

WHAT pleasant memories of her fine South Country stories are evoked by Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's "The Lardners and the Laurelwoods" (Cassell, 9s. 6d.). The setting is the Kent border served by that one-track, one-coach, almost one h.p. branch line from Headcorn; the story that of a (Continued on page 64)





HAVE you noticed how many smart women have suddenly begun to wear their hair arranged in large plump buns, either low down or high up on the back of their heads? A woman who I meet frequently appeared the other evening with one of these buns and as I had seen her only two days before with her short hair swept up, I naturally took it for granted that she had bought the bun and somehow pinned it on to her own hair. She confided the secret to me, which is quite simple. You simply buy the old-fashioned doughnut, which may be a small circle of canvas padded with hair, or an unpadded ring of what looks like horsehair. You pull your own hair through the hole in the centre, brush it smoothly over the entire circle and pin it into place. This gives you a perfectly circular bun with a hole in the middle. Very neat and very becoming it is, too. This is the perfect answer to the permanent wave which is growing out and even comparatively short hair can be worn in a bun when you feel so inclined.

Jane Gordon

In Search of Glamour

A FRIEND of mine was telling me about a fascinating woman he had met while visiting Turkey. He described her gaiety, charm of manner and her good looks. When I asked about her clothes, he said: "She dresses beautifully. She is the kind of woman who always carries a clean white handkerchief edged with lace." It struck me as odd that this small detail should have made such an impression, but on thinking it over, I have come to the conclusion that small details are far more important than people realize. An immaculately dressed woman very often shatters your admiration the moment she opens her handbag. The compact may be smart, but in nine cases out of ten the powder-puff or pad will be grubby. There is no excuse for carrying a cheap or shabby-looking lipstick when the lipstick cases are as good looking as costume jewellery. Women who own valuable cigarette cases usually put them in a chamois or leather outside case, and although the cigarette case may be beautiful, the outside case is often as not, disgracefully shabby. You cannot help grubby paper notes, but at least you can have a tidy notecase to carry them in. The inside of a handbag should be brushed or dusted each time before the handbag is used. Cleaning tissues are useful for polishing up compacts, lipstick cases and cigarette cases.

Smudged lipstick is a thing you very

often see and it can so easily be avoided with a little care. It is extraordinary how many women will apply their lipstick leaving smudged edges and, what is even worse, lipstick on their teeth. If you are using make-up from your handbag it is a wise precaution to part your lips and make absolutely certain that your teeth are free of lipstick and also to carry a cleansing tissue so as to ensure that the edges of your lips are not smudged. When the lipstick is blotted dry with a tissue,

there is no danger of the lipstick getting on to a glass or teacup, which is another unattractive sight.

Many women who have regular facial treatments forget to have their eyebrows plucked and ragged eyebrows will spoil the best make-up. When it comes to finger-tips, better have no varnish at all than chipped varnish. Oddly enough, men seem to notice patched-up nail varnish far more than women do.

It is extraordinary how women neglect their feet. They will spend money on nylons and new shoes and yet you will seldom find a woman who has regular foot treatment and pedicure, although she attends the hairdresser and has a regular shampoo, hair set, manicure and probably face treatment. There are very few beauty parlours where you can get pedicure, and this seems to me a pity because a good pedicure is a very important thing to keep your feet in good condition. In pre-war days there was a beauty parlour which employed (Continued on page 54)



Old-Look Jewellery Is New

THE "period look" has given a further fillip to the fashion for old jewellery, already in favour because of the high cost of precious gems.

Glittering gems are out of reach for many of us, but the semi-precious stones which were so much used for Victorian jewellery have much of the colour and beauty of their more fabulous brothers. Off-the-shoulder evening necklines; and the high, round neckline for day wear have re-introduced the dog-collar fashion and the twisted ropes of beads which grandmother favoured so much. Among discarded family pieces, or in the second-hand jewellers you may easily find a garnet piece that can be attached to a neck ribbon; a string of amber that will re-thread and make a modern choker necklace; a pinchbeck chain that can be adapted in the same fashion. With a little adaptation, these discarded pieces can be made into fashionable ornaments.

A STONE that has been sadly neglected is the amethyst. In Victorian times it was in great demand and ranked among precious gems. It is especially becoming to the woman with grey or white hair and looks very lovely against a fair, young skin. A small amethyst brooch, surrounded with seed pearls—there are many to be found—can be made into an important and lovely ring. A huge amethyst brooch, worn with ear-rings to match makes an exquisite colour note with grey or pale blue.

THE topaz is as becoming to the dark as to the fair. It is a gem of widely different colours and though few people realize it, is found in blue, green and pink, though the most familiar is the yellow which varies from pale to deep gold. The topaz is comparatively inexpensive. A brooch or pendant with a heavy old-fashioned setting will often yield a stone which can be made into a handsome ring.

THE revival of choker necklaces has brought the ornamental clasp into prominence. This, if it is important enough, is worn in front. A three-row string of pearls can have a large diamante or paste clasp adapted from a brooch, a twisted choker of corals is finished with a medallion clasp of pinchbeck. So many beads which have been put aside can be brought to light and made up-to-the-minute. Choker necklaces of all kinds are becoming to the young throat and flattering to older ones.

PINCHBECK jewellery—it resembles dull gold—is fairly inexpensive and often beautifully wrought. This metal was invented by Christopher Pinchbeck and consisted of an



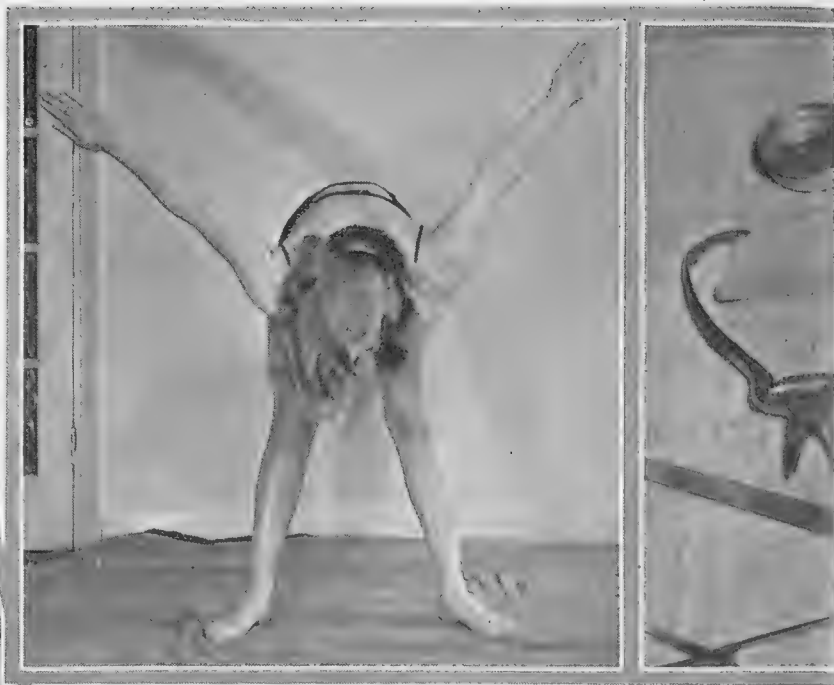
Miss Vivien Leigh as Anna Karenina, wears the late Victorian jewellery, which is so much in the mood of current fashions

alloy of copper and zinc, but it died out on the death of Edward, the inventor's son, in 1732. These pieces are often equal in workmanship to similar pieces in gold. If you come across a pinchbeck piece, pounce on it. They clean up wonderfully and do not, like gold, leave black smudges on the neck and clothes.

The current fashion is for bold and colourful jewellery and grandmother's casket is full of it.

NELTO OSMOND WILLIAMS





Day of Rest— and Beauty

possible to be quiet and undisturbed. A tall order, I know, in most households, but if a whole day is out of the question steal a few hours to yourself.

If you are fortunate enough to have a whole day for leisure, sleep on a little later than usual, but not too late.

Take a gentle laxative the night before and begin the day with some of the exercises you never seem to have time for in the normal routine. One short burst of exercising cannot do noticeable things to your figure—that takes time and perseverance—but five minutes of sharp exercising before an open window peps up the circulation and peels off the sluggishness which follows from sleeping late.

MAKE this a day of long drinks. Nothing cleanses the system so well as long draughts of water. Start the day with a half-pint glass (take it tepid and flavour it with what you like if you prefer it that way. It is the water that counts). Take at least six of these long drinks during the course of the day.

Make-Up For Summer

TWO delightful new preparations have just come my way which have, I feel, a special appeal at this time of the year.

The first is an all-day matt foundation cream made in the new rose colour which enhances the lovely new pastel fashion tones, as well as the flower-trimmed hats which smart women will be wearing this summer.

As delicate skins must have a thorough cleansing, especially when tinted foundations are used, there is a new deep cleansing milk made as a companion piece to the all-day matt foundation. It gently but irresistibly removes minute particles of grime, stale make-up and leaves the pores unclogged. Many women will prefer it for use during the day instead of a cleansing cream.

I shall be pleased to tell you more about these two beautifiers if you write to me enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

THE term "day of rest" may have a hollow ring for busy women. Nevertheless there are times when even the most harassed of us can find a little time to spare. On these occasions we are inclined to fritter the hours that might be spent in improving health and looks.

The link-up between rest and beauty cannot be over emphasized. Many of the beauty problems which are brought to me—especially the ones concerning premature ageing—have their origin in fatigue and overstrain.

A day of rest and beauty occasionally is not an extravagant indulgence. It is a necessity if one is to keep up appearances in a life not over-well endowed with time for beauty.

Having organized the leisure, make arrangements as far as



Try a magnesia face pack while you are in your bath. These are quite inexpensive and very simple to apply—the instructions are on the package—they neutralize acids in the pores of the skin, lighten the tone of it and prepare the way for the nourishing cream which should be lightly massaged into the skin when the pack is removed.

For once, you will have time to take it slowly. Let the skin food seep down into the pores, gently massaging with an upward movement until it is quite absorbed. Remove the residue and splash the face with cold water as a bracer after the relaxing effect of the hot bath.

EAT what you want during the day but cut out starchy things and fried food as far as possible. Substitute dry toast for bread and fruit for puddings. Take at least one salad with whatever else you are eating.

After lunch rest in the open air if it is sunny and I mean *rest*. It is one thing to sit in a deck chair and quite another to let your mind and body slip into complete relaxation.

If you are alone, so much the better. Sleep, if you can, and if you can't, do some light reading—anything which keeps your mind off plans and problems. Rest for the mind is as important as rest to the body.

If the weather is against you, get out and walk for at least an hour. Fresh air is an important part of the beauty treatment.

Later on collect your manicure kit and give your nails the going over you seldom have time for. Make a thorough job of it and finish up with a hand massage. There are several good hand lotions and creams on the market of which I can give you details if you care to write to me.

Take to your bed early, even before you feel tired. If you don't sleep for a while it doesn't matter. Just read and relax. On the morning after your mirror and your improved spirits will convince you that a day of rest and beauty is no waste of time.



Feet Foremost

ACCORDING to chiropodists, there are very few perfect feet. This is a sad matter, for troublesome feet not only take the spring from the step, but add down-drooping lines to the corner of the mouth.

The first rule of foot comfort is to buy the right shoes. There never was such a fallacy that shoes can be "broken in." At the best, the shoes will be pushed out of shape and at worst they can result in quite serious damage to the feet.

It is always wise to let the assistant fit new shoes correctly, rather than ask for shoes by size, because the right size is not necessarily the right shape for your feet. Buy shoes for summer weather on a hot day. Feet naturally swell when hot and tired and shoes which are well fitting on cool feet will pinch on a hot day.

House shoes should be selected with the same care, especially by the housewife who will have to spend a lot of time in them. Shoes for the house should be well fitting, of a leather that cleans well, with a broad medium heel and a fastening which supports the instep. Old mules worn out in the house are a trap for accidents and bad for morale.

There are a few sensible rules for the care of the feet which will keep you happy and comfortable. Spend half an hour a week on a pedicure. If it is considered as a "must" like the regular visit to the hairdresser, it will be much easier to find the time. Soak the feet in a bath to which a handful of common salt has been added. Start with hot water but end up by running in the cold tap. Dry the feet thoroughly, especially between the toes. Dust with fuller's earth or pure boracic powder. Massage the feet, particularly the soles, with a medicated cream. After removing the excess, dab with an astringent or methylated spirits.

APUMICE stone will remove any dry or flaking skin under the heel and sole. If this is rather stubborn, paint with cuticle remover. Soft corns should be massaged with medicated cream and a little cream left on after the treatment is finished. Do this for a few nights running and then paint with iodine. Toenails should be cut short and straight and smoothed with an emery board. If there is a tendency to ingrowing toenail, make a tiny V towards the centre of the nail. If any real foot trouble persists, it is wisest in the long run to consult a chiropodist who can deal with the trouble.

Limber up the feet every day with this simple exercise repeated at least six times: Rise up slowly on the toes and very slowly lower yourself back to the ground. This tones up the twenty-six small bones in each foot and strengthens the arches they form.

If the feet tend to get hot and perspire, massage them each night with a little eau de Cologne or surgical spirit. A dusting of boracic powder or talc inside the stocking is also soothing. See that stockings fit perfectly, without wrinkles that will cause abrasures or cramp the toes. Stockings that are too tight or too loose will wear much quicker and can cause a good deal of foot discomfort.

Health and Beauty By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope



BLACK CURRANT GENOISE TRIFLE

OFF THE RATION MEAT

THESE lesser brethren, the unrationed meats, are apt to be regarded with indifference or even distaste, but without them menus would suffer and they can provide some very delicious dishes, if carefully treated and efficiently cooked. Such meats as liver and kidney, if cooked quickly, are hard and unpleasant in taste. Hearts should be given good gravy and stuffing, or they are rich and unappetizing. Tripe, again, is shunned by many but, like oxtail, it wants cooking for hours until it is meltingly tender and then dressing up with a well-flavoured sauce—curried tripe can be very tasty. Whalemeat, also, needs care. Well soaked and very well stewed, with onions as an accompaniment, you could safely call it beef steak and not be discovered. For those, then, who are prepared to give a little extra time and trouble to these meats, here are a few ideas.



HAIL to those first fruits of summer. With what joy do we turn from the bottled and dried fruits to the fresh varieties. I always look at the first arrivals with the loving eye of a miser counting his money-bags and wonder how best to use them.

Except for the happy few who grow their own, most of us have to use summer fruits in small quantities and so, suitable recipes take some thinking out. Fruit salads and jellies are, of course, an excellent choice as the fruit remains uncooked and retains all its flavour and appearance. But there are times when we like to escape the obvious and try something new. Here are a few suggestions for hot and cold sweets. One word about the cooking of fruit. Don't be fierce, cook gently and not long enough for it to lose shape. Avoid a mush.

GOOSEBERRY AMBER

Ingredients: 1 pint gooseberries; 3 oz. sugar; 1 shell egg and 1 reconstituted egg; 1 tablespoonful water; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. short pastry.

Pick over gooseberries and stew gently with water and sugar till tender. Rub through fine hair sieve. Mix in egg yolk and reconstituted egg, beating well. Edge a greased pie-dish or fireproof dish with a thick border of pastry. Pour in mixture and bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5, or 350° F., about 15 minutes, remove and cool. Whip egg-white till stiff with a dessertspoonful of sugar and put in rough little heaps on top. Return to a slower oven, Regulo 3 or 250° F., for about 15 minutes till meringue is set and tipped with brown. Decorate on top with a few large gooseberries and glacé cherries if available.

GOOSEBERRY STIRABOUT

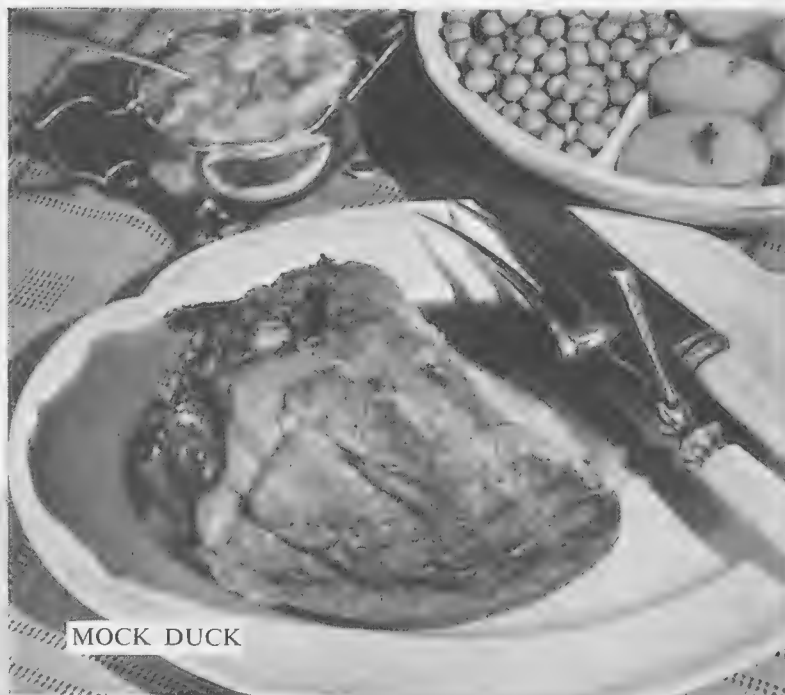
Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ pint gooseberries; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour; 2 oz. breadcrumbs;

MOCK DUCK

Ingredients: 1 calf's heart; sage and onion stuffing in packet or made with one large onion, chopped small; 4 oz. crumbs; 1 reconstituted egg; 6 finely chopped sage leaves; seasoning; 1 teacupful good brown stock; heaped teaspoonful flour; 2 rashers fat bacon; seasoning; a little dripping.

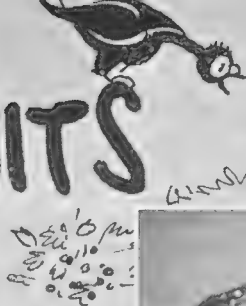
Wash the heart and stuff—lay rashers on top and tie with string. Melt a little dripping in baking tin. Put the heart on and roast for about an hour or till tender. Regulo 6 or 425° F., to begin with, reduce temperature after 20 minutes—baste frequently.

Pour off fat and make gravy with stock and flour and, if needed, a few drops of browning. Pour over the mock duck and



MOCK DUCK

SUMMER FRUITS



2 oz. suet or lard; 1 reconstituted egg; 3 oz. sugar; pinch salt; teaspoonful baking powder.

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in fat or suet, add sugar and egg, well-beaten gooseberries. If necessary a little milk also, to form a stiff mixture, steam for 2 hours, serve with custard or sweet white sauce.

BLACKCURRANT GENOISE TRIFLE

Ingredients: 1 lb. blackcurrants; 1 oz. gelatine; 6 sponge buns or fingers of sponge cake; mock cream; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water; 2 oz. sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ pint thick custard.

Snip ends off blackcurrants. Wash and put aside a few of the best for decoration. Cook the rest with water and sugar gently till tender, about 10 minutes. Melt gelatine in a teacupful of the juice and stir into the fruit. Pour into a large, shallow dish. Split buns in half lengthwise and when jelly is nearly set arrange these round edge of dish to form a border and pile about $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of thick custard in the centre of the dish. Decorate tops of buns and custard with mock cream and rings of blackcurrants.

BAKED CHERRY PUDDING

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. margarine; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and water; pinch salt; 1 oz. sugar; 2 eggs, reconstituted; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cherries.

Sift salt with flour and mix in margarine (melted). Beat eggs well and mix with flour and milk gradually, to form a stiff batter. Avoid a thin batter that pours. Now stone cherries and stew with sugar. Strain, keeping juice.

Put some batter in a greased dish, then the cherries, end with remaining batter and bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 400° F., for about 30 minutes, or until set and golden brown. Turn out and serve with hot cherry juice poured over.

By Harriet Muir



GOOSEBERRY AMBER

serve with apple sauce, peas and new potatoes.

SAUSAGE ESCALOPE AND STUFFED MUSHROOMS

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. liver sausage; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage meat; bread crumbs; stuffed mushrooms.

Pound sausage and liver sausage together and knead well. Roll out rather less than $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick and cut into neat pieces to look like fillets of beef or veal. Egg and crumb them and fry till golden brown. Serve with mushrooms stuffed as follows:

STUFFED MUSHROOMS

Ingredients: 8 mushrooms, fair size; 1 small onion; sprig of parsley; pinch mixed herbs; 2 oz. breadcrumbs; 1 egg, reconstituted; 1 oz. margarine; $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk.

Heat milk and pour on to crumbs. Soak a few minutes and add herbs, parsley, seasoning, onion very finely-chopped, and margarine melted, and reconstituted egg. Pile mixture on to mushrooms and bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Regulo 6 or 400° F.



SAUSAGE ESCALOPE AND STUFFED MUSHROOMS

Good Coffee



NOW that coffee has become almost a universal drink people are taking an increasing interest in the art of making a good brew. There are many methods of making—

but the following points are essential for good results in any method:

- A good blend of freshly ground coffee is essential. Always keep in an airtight tin.
- Allow two heaped tablespoonfuls of coffee per pint of boiling water; rather less can be reckoned when there is chicory in the coffee.
- Use perfectly clean utensils, washed as soon as used and left to air.
- Use hot but *not* boiled milk.

The jug method is the quickest and simplest for those not provided with special equipment.

JUG METHOD

Warm earthenware or metal jug. Put in coffee, pour on boiling water and stir well. Cover and stand in warm place about 5 minutes. Strain and reheat if too cool, but do not boil.

Some add a pinch of salt to bring out flavour but sufficient coffee is far more important.



An Acquaintance With Thieves

(Continued from page 12)

"Again?" he said, sitting up and dabbing at the sleep in his eyes. "Well, it took you long enough."

"It was in the cab!" she fumed. "The box was there when I paid the bill at the night club. My God, I even paid the bill!" This final indignity was too much. "Tony," she said through clenched teeth, "I want that man arrested! Call that detective right away and tell him . . . tell him I have the man's fingerprints on my bag! He must have left some fingerprints on my bag!"

"We should certainly be able to find fingerprints *somewhere*," Tony said, giving her a searching look. As Cris strode the room, one hand to her brow, Tony called Detective Bowen. "What? . . . You have? Well, that was quick work. . . . Oh, I see, yes. . . . Oh, I think so, yes. About nine? . . . Right. Good night and congratulations." He hung up and took a swallow from his drink. "Well, they've caught him."

"Don't be ridiculous, darling, I just left him. They've got the wrong man. How incredibly stupid of them, really!"

"No, it's your boy all right," he said.

"They had a tail on you all evening. They just picked him up as he left in the cab, booty and all. You'll have to be at headquarters at nine in the morning, to identify him officially."

"Oh," said Cris. "Oh. Well, that's marvellous, of course. What will they give him, Tony?"

"Oh, twenty, I guess," he said. "Maybe a couple off for good behaviour."

Cris paled, then observing Tony's hard stare, she said. "Gaol's not enough. He should be strung up by his thumbs!"

THE identification of Nicholas Bard the next morning, even unshaven and without a collar or tie, among the ruffians who stood under the glaring light at headquarters was like spotting a genuine mink in a rack of muskrat.

"It's a mere formality, of course," Detective Bowen explained, after Cris, feeling absurdly like a Judas, had pointed him out. "We'll want you later on in court for formal charge."

Not even Tony's full bag of reporters and photographers raised Cris's spirits.

"Tony darling," she said, as the flashbulbs flared, "I must talk to that poor devil. Alone."

"I think it can be arranged, Cris," Tony said, who had been tremendously sweet through it all.

She was led into a small, chill room with a single table and two straight chairs, a set which reminded her unhappily of a purposeful play about Soviet Russia in which her talents had once been wasted although not for long. Soon a uniformed guard deposited Nicholas, who for an instant, leaned in exhaustion against the closed door, then came forward, one arm half out in a kind of tragic supplication. Cris's heart leaped to her throat.

"Have you," he said, and his voice was shakily hoarse, "have you a cigarette?"

"Of course," she said, although she had expected his request to be less mundane.

"Thank God," he whispered and slumped into the chair opposite her.

Looking into his large black eyes, as she held a match to his cigarette, Cris was overwhelmed again by the needless tragedy of his past and future. "I had to tell you," she said, "that I had nothing to do with the police catching you last night."

He looked away from her. "If I could only believe that."

"You must," she said and touched his arm. "I could never do such a shoddy thing as that, Nick."

"The phoney money you gave me," he said, and disengaged his arm, "that I can understand. We played a game and came out even but . . . but selling me out to the cops!"

"But I swear I didn't, Nick! On my honour!"

"Cris," he said and leaned towards her, "last night as we kissed in the taxi, even as I

was removing the box from your bag, a very wonderful thing happened to me. I felt. . . . You know, I haven't had an easy life, Cris."

"I suppose not, Nick," Cris said. "Tell me how you felt, dear."

He looked up at the bleak ceiling, as if beseeching it to offer up the proper phrase. "I felt changed, yes, purified is not too strong a word for it, purified by the beauty of that embrace. Oh, it was fierce, hungry, powerful, all that, but there was beauty in it and . . . so I thought . . . even love."

He dropped his chin to his chest and the gesture, concealing as it did the distressing absence of his collar and tie, made him look like a saint. Tears came into her eyes and she reached for her handkerchief then, thinking better of it, let the tears remain.

"Nick," she said softly, caressing the name, "Nick, dear."

"Now all that is gone. Nothing you can say can rid me of this doubt. I must live alone with it," he said, and swallowed, "for years."

"Bowen said you had no criminal record. Perhaps, if I help, they'll let you off."

He shook his head. "It was robbery."

"I know, but. . . ."

"With a gun. Please. Go away now, Cris. It is torture to be so close to you."

"But I've got to prove to you I didn't know about the police."

"It's no use. The doubt has gnawed too deep. Go, Cris. Call the guard. Just leave the cigarette on the table and go."

He didn't look up and thus missed the poignant resolution of her exit. She found Tony surrounded, not unnaturally, by reporters and with her recent emotional trial still evident on her face, she said breathlessly: "Tony, that poor boy must not be made to suffer for the action of a rash moment!"

"He robbed you twice, Miss Mainwaring," a newsman pointed out.

She ignored this with a curl of her lip. "I intend to drop all charges against him."

"That won't do any good," said the reporter. "He can't go around sticking people up with a gun in this state. You'll be subpoenaed to testify."

"I will?"

"I'm afraid so, Cris," said Tony.

"But that's unfair! I won't do it! I'll . . ."

Suddenly she drew herself up in an attitude that would have sufficed for the rôle of Jeanne d'Arc being led off to the stake and said clearly: "I'll marry him! A woman can't be made to testify against her own husband in this, or," she shot an imperious glance at the reporter, "any other state!"

"Cris, darling," said Tony, "take it easy, honey, you're just excited."

"I'll have you know, Anthony Dever, that I have rarely been less excited in my entire life!"

"Well, anyway," he said. "You can't marry him right now. Blood tests and things like that, you know. Let's go somewhere and get a drink."

Protesting slightly, with the stimulating mixture of self-sacrifice and dawning love churning her blood, she allowed him to lead her out to the street.

AS they repaired, after a light, but properly ceremonious lunch, to Tony's Broadway office they came upon the early afternoon editions of the newspapers. It happened that the various international crises had shrunk that day to mere situations with the result that the Mainwaring story, complete with large pictures of both principals, had been flung halfway across the front page. Cris read the headline that topped the pictures and gasped unbelievably. It was slugged: HE SPURNS HER OFFER TO WED.

"The poor darling!" she said. "Trying to protect me!"

Tony, who had seen the text, took her arm. "Come along, Cris, I think you're going to want to lie down."

"Dear, sweet idiot," she said softly, "I knew from the first he was a noble soul."

"I'm sorry, Cris, but he's not being noble."

"What do you mean, Tony?" She stopped dead on 45th Street.

"You might as well know the worst, sweetheart. He is reported as saying, 'I'd rather be hung.'"

"Let me see that paper!"

"No," he said firmly, folding it into his pocket. "Not until we are where there will be no danger of your injuring pedestrians."

Ominously silent when they got to Tony's small but fittingly sumptuous sanctum, Cris read the whole story. Then she began quietly and genuinely to cry. Alarmed at this reversal of form, Dever dropped to his knees by the sofa and patted her back.

"How could he?" she moaned. "Especially that vile crack about my age."

Nick, in the course of his statement of rejection, had said, "She must be thirty-five if she's a day."

"That isn't so bad," Tony remonstrated. "After all, you are thirty-nine, darling."

"He didn't have to mention it at all, the louse."

"Strictly a low-grade type of louse," Tony agreed. "What floors me is your having been taken in by him."

"Oh, I wasn't, not really," she said and sat up. "You must admit he's highly decorative, and then he looked so haggard there in that cell, my heart went out to him as it would to any wounded thing."

"You're a fine person, Cris."

"Thank you, dear. Oh, Tony, it's unbearable to feel so . . . so lost. I'm growing old and I'm all alone."

"You have me, sweet. Never forget that."

"I never could, dear," she said and kissed his cheek. "You're so honest, so reliable."

"Both good traits, Cris, but I wish I were also attractive."

This time she kissed him on the lips, and he responded readily, taking her in his arms. The probable duration of this embrace can only be surmised, as, there was, at that moment, a knock on the door.

Releasing her, Tony grudgingly called, "Come in."

It was Detective Bowen and Nick, combed, shaved and dressed in his grey sack suit. Cris sprang towards the latter, but Tony was still close enough to her to catch her arm and firmly hold her. "Steady, Cris," he said. "This, I'm afraid, is the blow-off. I've been expecting it."

Detective Bowen said, without smiling: "I came up here to personally call you a liar, Mr. Dever."

"You could have saved yourself the trip," said Tony. "I was very careful to say *actresses* and not *actors*, when you asked me about fake jewel robberies. This, as far as I know, was a completely new angle on the old dodge. Nice going, Bard. You're famous. Hollywood should be calling any time. How did it break?"

"A reporter recognized me from summer stock, and spilled it," said Nick. "Hallo, Mainwaring, no hard feelings, I hope. Tony told me to give it the works."

"You scum!" she said. She was so nearly speechless with rage that this was the best she could dredge up from a large vocabulary. Tony's treachery she would deal with in time, but to be diddled by an actor. . . . "Why, you gangling cub," she began, collecting her wits, "if you think for one second I fell for that wretched performance. Purified! Essential Beauty! What ancient copy of Baker did you crib that corn out of, anyway? Go to Hollywood and learn your trade, you stinking little amateur!"

"Now, Cris. You made plenty of copy on this, yourself," Tony said, getting between them. "Nick is really a nice guy."

"I'll listen to your expert analysis of human character at another time, Mr. Dever." She caught her breath, and suddenly smiled radiantly at Detective Bowen. "I advise you, Mr. Bowen, to wipe your feet when you leave here. This Broadway slime gets over everything. You will probably find the underworld gloriously refreshing (Continued on page 51)



Day-dream in 'Celanese'

Sometimes it is a dream evoked by the memory of the cool
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whisper of a dress in 'Celanese' Taffeta — of sun-worship
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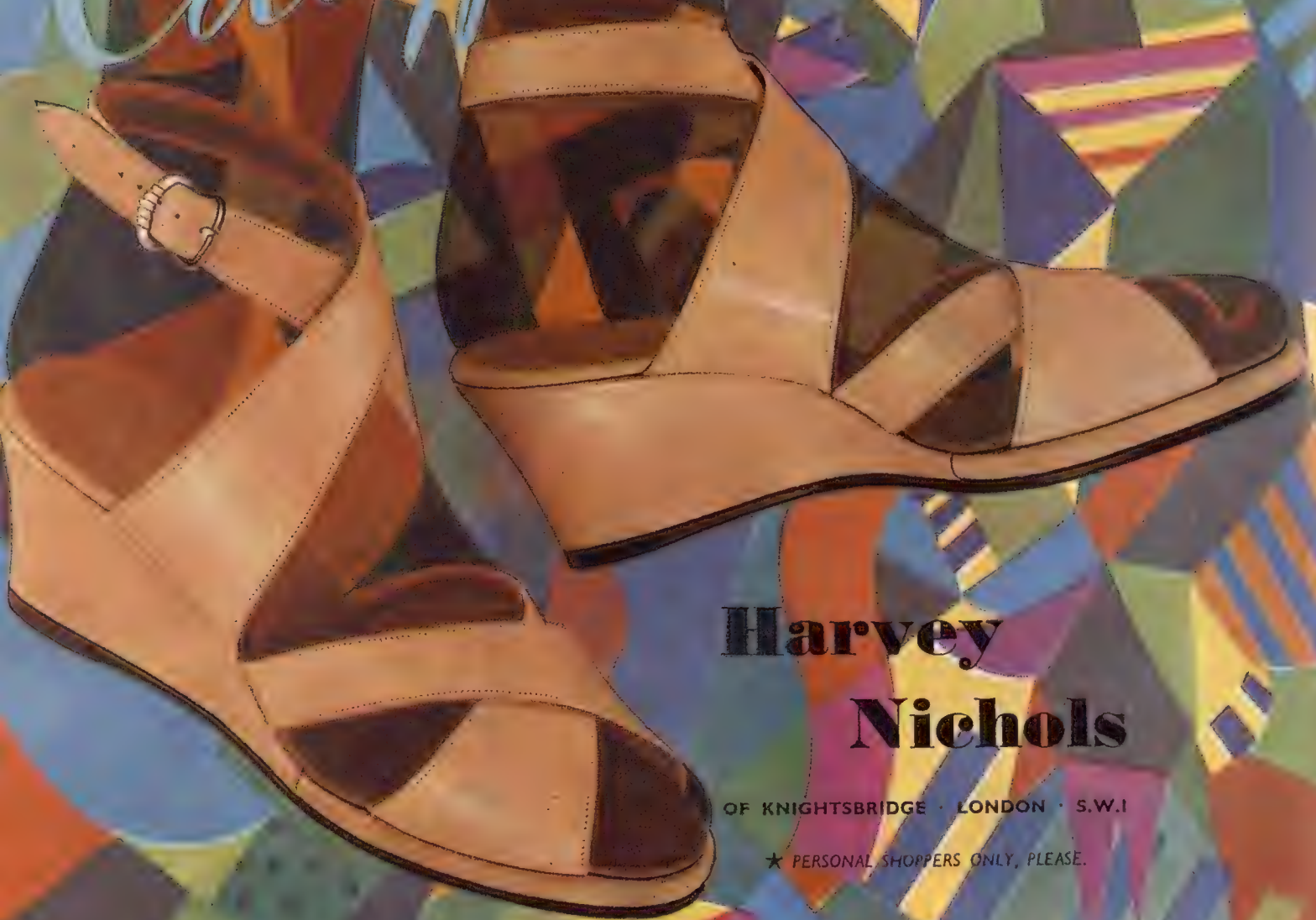
Sometimes it is a dream of tomorrow — a dream that the
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after your exposure to these dirty slugs." "I'll just take the opportunity to return your things," he said noncommittally, and held out the box.

"Thank you," she said and took his hand as well as the box. "But I want you to know that it is a privilege and pleasure to meet such a straightforward, understanding man as yourself." She looked at him warmly, her lips half-parted.

"Thank you, Miss Mainwaring," he said, tugging lightly at his hand. "Remember,

I have a wife and three children in Astoria."

She dropped his hand as if it had gone cold. "How charmingly desperate of you," she murmured.

The scene was abruptly arrested by the opening of the office door and a gruff voice announcing, "All right, folks, get them up and keep them up. This is a stick-up and I don't mean phoney."

"Hallo, Trigger," said Detective Bowen, as he raised his arms, "I thought you were still in Atlanta."

An Acquaintance With Thieves

"I was sprung last week," said the man with the gun. "All right, kids, who's got the sparklers I been reading about in the papers?"

"I have," said Cris. Noting with pleasure that both Tony and Nick had gone chalk white, she waved the box in her upstretched hand. The man's nose was broken, but there was something ruggedly amusing about him. "Come and get them," she invited.

END

Half Europe Wants to Emigrate (Continued from page 13)

instead? For all our wonderful scientific advance and invention, for all the wonders of modern transport, migration is, relatively speaking, at its nadir. The general effect is of a jerky, stop-gap trickle, and we are left with this to chew: while there has ever been a hankering to get away after each new war, the capacity to do so is declining, relatively, as war produces ever greater upheavals.

Overseas governments scraping up what decrepit shipping they can; others almost seizing emigrants by air from the home country; a converted transport sailing infrequently, packed in dormitory and cafeteria conditions; and the struggling overlayers to epitomize the whole. What a sight for the gods, looking down on "Progress"!

Plus the spectacle of politicians arguing with the public as to whether 'tis nobler to depart ("quit") or to stay and fight it out. "It" being the battle of population versus machines, which, very many think, is patently simplified by departure. I now bring this article strictly down to British affairs. Very many believe they should go, and that stay-at-homism derives from a political economy that is manifestly proving itself false.

"We do not think of ourselves as deserting the Mother Country. We think of ourselves as loyal children who are going to work with their brothers and sisters overseas to feed and nourish a sick parent."

How mild, this letter to a London editor, beside the same idea expressed by Mr. R. G. Casey, Australian Liberal leader: "The eyes of Britain's people are turned inward on themselves. Unless Britain decentralizes her population throughout the Commonwealth, her people have little hope of rising above their drab austerity."

Mr. Casey is not alone among Empire leaders in thinking that. There seems to be general agreement that we should think of a future population of 35,000,000 and aim accordingly.

After the first World War there was a scheme to use the regiment, or at any rate, some branch of the Forces, as the binding link of a systematic group colonization. This would have been running true to history, when they knew how to emigrate in less distraught times. As early as the Roman Legions, they knew a thing or two about it, and contemporary statesmen and politicians are stuck so fast on this huge subject, that looking at it from any angle, however antiquated, is more than permissible.

What superb prospects opened before the hosts of Cortes and Pizarro! But, left to themselves without plan or goal, they roamed as individuals, married into the tribes, and deteriorated. Cohesion and discipline were keystones from which settlers departed at their peril. The Pilgrims knew better than to do so, and so did the settlers of Delaware and Boston about the same time. These went as self-contained communities inspired by an ideal, and if there were no social problems at the receiving end, comparable with to-day's, there was plenty of danger instead.

These early migrations originated with groups of like-minded people getting together and interesting banking houses in their plans. It was as modern as that!

The idea of the regiment as settlers' link was still in evidence after the Napoleonic Wars. But Wellington botched things from a different angle. The Duke considered that only officers were fit subjects to settle the King's overseas dominion, and discouraged emigration by the rank and file.

After the Crimean War things began to right themselves. A German Legion was settled overseas—in Australia, I believe. It had not even gone into action for the English and there was quite a fuss.

Our own most successful later colonizing, evolved on a part-military basis, was Rhodes's settling of Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Rhodesia, and the opening up of Saskatchewan by Strathcona's Horse. But the chance after the Boer War was botched. The War Office found it quite beyond them to send out wives, families, and sweethearts. Instead would-be soldier-colonists had to traipse back to England and collect them—that is, if they could afford the journey back to South Africa.

In the years following 1918 there were the same chronic emigration shortages that we hear of to-day. But there was more organization because there was greater will on the part of the senders. An Empire Settlement Board existed, and an advance of £34,000,000 was made to Australia alone, to enable her to settle 450,000 from Britain. It was the receivers who were coy then; unlike to-day, when they stand with arms outstretched.

Take Australia. Her pressing need is for an additional 5,000,000 population inside a score of years so as to hold up against the future Japan, and if the settlers can't be got from Britain, they'll have to come from elsewhere.

"We need a great leader who will go through the Empire like a flaming sword crying, 'Britons Awake,'" sounds Mr. Casey.

Of one thing I'm convinced. Had the Eighth Army and its leader been cast in bygone times, and had those times approximated to our own in stress, worry and contention, the result would have been systematic group colonization wide and high.

END

The Side Walks Of New York (Continued from page 15)

leather chair and read the papers and walk out in less than half an hour with one's shoes soled and heeled.

Well, New York is a mighty convenient place for getting lots of things done, but try and buy a stamp. Over in Europe you can hand your letters to the hotel porter and ask him to mail them and by golly, they will be mailed, but ask in any New York hotel for this simple convenience, then the hotel will refer you to the news stand and the news stand will refer you to the stamp machine. Well, you need fifteen-cent stamps to airmail to Europe, and three-cent stamps for American Federal mail. If you happen to have three what they call "pennies," namely three copper one-cent pieces, you will be all right, and if you have five-cent pieces, what are called nickels, in sufficient quantities, you will also be quite all right, but as most likely you haven't and you can't get change, then you will be what is known as out of luck, and you will have to go find yourself a post office. That is quite all right, the post office won't be much more than a mile away, but don't go there after 1 p.m. on a Saturday afternoon, because the post office will be closed until Monday morning.

In the whole of the vast city of New York there are two post offices which are open Saturday afternoons!

I read that Mr. J. B. Priestley was in New York recently and he did not like it. I wonder why. Most particularly he objected to Times Square. I adore it. There is always something going on. Times Square is an enlarged and

oblong version of Piccadilly Circus, London. It is interesting by day but it teems with interest when the lights go up. On one side of this free entertainment centre there is a human hand drawing a cartoon which is thrown on to a large lighted screen. On the other side of the Square—which isn't a square—there is a most elaborate and clever cartoon done at great speed in electric lights.

No mention of the side walks of New York which did not include a reference to the drug stores would be complete I suppose. Well, frankly and truly I find them less attractive than they were; I am speaking now of the food and drink side of the drug store business, not the side where you buy books and magazines, leather goods, gadgets, and, of course, the prescriptions made up counter, which, curiously enough, occupies the smallest section of these vast and busy beehives.

I find the fixed stools uncomfortable; I find that although I love my fellow man and am, I hope, a good Democrat, I am far too close to him when he is smoking a cigarette and disposing of a hot roast beef sandwich, while I am toying with a banana split. Also, and this, too, is curious, sandwiches and light snacks in the drug stores are expensive in comparison with the cheaper restaurants. In other words, one can obtain what is called a "regular dinner" for less than one pays for the lightest of snacks in the average drug store.

The reason for this is that when Prohibition was taken off the Statute Book, it was decided at the same time that the old-time saloon, the

nearest there is to the British "pub," would never come back. In other words, no saloon is allowed to sell liquor and nothing but liquor; it must sell meals as well; therefore, every thirst emporium in New York is *ipso facto* a grill room or a restaurant or both. This means that competition has brought down prices, and there are so many of these eat and drink places that no man in New York is ever more than thirty or forty yards from a place where he can attend to both his thirst and his appetite.

New York, the shop window of the United States, may be no more truly representative of the country than London represents England, but, you can't get away from it, it is representative of many millions of people, just as London is. There is a certain crudeness to be found on the side walks of America's biggest city that jars on the nerves, but, as one of the most famous advertisements of the United States used to remark: "Nature in the raw is seldom mild." The New Yorkers are children of Nature, a mixture of all races and creeds, and the mixture is a good one. One would think perhaps that such an industrialized country would inevitably fight towards nationalisation, but the trend is just the other way; never was individual effort and enterprise more stressed than it is to-day. Perhaps the word "individual" is over-exploited; one finds it used to advertise certain dishes in the restaurants, such things as "individual Spanish broiled mackerel" and "individual apple pie." Even in some of the bars there are little (Continued on page 52)

Freda's a Fright



Pat's a Picture



There's something fascinating about Pat; she's the girl that gets the dates. But her friend Freda only gets the go-by. Someone should tell her to smarten up her clothes—as Pat does—by a weekly 'do' with Thawpit.

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contraptions where by inserting a coin in a slot you can obtain a little "individual music."

Now about people. As we came in I was wondering whether there are still any O. Henry characters to be found around the side walks of New York. I don't know whether the ghost of Soapy Sam still sits in Madison Gardens, but, if he does not, there are still plenty of hoboes and bums on those self-same park benches to keep his memory alive. In fact, the hoboes are getting quite cross because, so they say, that if they give their address as the Bowery they can't get a job. Thus, some of the flop house (cheap lodging house) keepers in the Bowery are pulling out bricks and fixing fake front doors around the corner and numbering them so that the hoboes can have an address that isn't the Bowery.

The Side Walks Of New York

But I guess there are plenty of colourful characters still around. What about the old gentleman on roller skates who skims down Fifth Avenue, and the queer one who every Sunday morning dresses himself up in a silk hat and evening tails and walks around the middle Fifties? Who are they, I wonder?

Then in a short stroll I saw Adolphe Menjou in a bowler, Clarke Gable in a taxi and James Mason in *A Man of Evil*. Oh, yes,

"East side, West side,
All around the town,"

the side walks of New York, whether or not they are paved with gold, are quite all right.

Sorry, Mr. Priestley.
END

Sunbathing At The Zoo

(Continued from page 25)

sunbathing, just as most of us do. Unlike ourselves, however, animals are delightfully unself-conscious. They don't care how ridiculous they look. A stroll around the Gardens in the noonday heat will accordingly reveal to the observant many unconventional postures, not the least odd being those adopted by the gibbons, lemurs, lions and bears.

The gibbon's favourite pose, when sunning himself, is to loll back lazily on his "elbows," his whole abandoned attitude so forcibly suggesting the human "park loafer" that one would, indeed, hardly be surprised to observe a half-smoked cigarette dangling from the animal's lips! The lemur, on the other hand, irradiates himself in a much more business-like fashion: he squats upright, arms spread wide, and often with head tilted sunwards, for all the world as though he were trying to get his foxy little face tanned.

Lions enjoy warm sunshine to the full and grow more active because of it. There are, however, limits to what they can endure, and a real heat-wave will quickly change the picture. Overcome by the unusual rise, the "king of beasts" throws dignity to the winds, and goes "flat out" on his back—a posture favoured also by the bears, who, however, usually prefer to repose upon that part of their anatomy for which they have the greatest affection—their stomachs. Many a Zoo inmate dozes "with one eye on its surroundings." A case in point is a pair of dingoes who live in a compound near the lion house. These animals, which invariably sunbathe together, have evolved a technique which would be hard to beat. They recline back to back on the roof of their shed, thus ensuring that they are not taken by surprise. And, more than once, I have seen a polar bear, stretched lethargically upon the rocks of the Mappin Terraces, strike down and kill a pigeon which had incautiously alighted too near the apparently comatose form.

Mammals, however, are by no means the only Zoo inmates to behave oddly in high temperatures, and a glance round some of the aviaries will reveal many birds also in "attitudes queer and quaint."

Not long ago I observed two king penguins enjoying a midday siesta in what, at first

sight, looked an extremely awkward pose. With their beaks tucked beneath their flippers, the birds sat bolt upright on one of the ramps of the pool. Both were "resting" on their heels, the "toes" being given an airing.

These noontide sleepers caused much amusement among onlookers, many of whom wondered why the birds did not topple over backwards—until they examined the posture more closely. They then observed that the penguins' bodies were being supported by the tips of their short stumpy tails, which, resting on the ramp behind them, formed, with the two heels, a kind of tripod. Thus nicely balanced, the birds were able to continue their nap—though it would not, one imagined, have taken a very strong gust of wind to upset their equanimity!

Equally arresting postures may be witnessed at the birds-of-prey aviary, where the eagles and vultures, on a bright morning, will stand hour after hour with outstretched wings, turning their backs and breasts alternately to the sun, or spreadeagling themselves on the warm concrete floor. It is surprising, moreover, how self-centred at such a time the birds become. When thus irradiating himself, the average vulture will not even trouble to get his meat—unless indeed he fears a companion may secure his ration if he doesn't!

Love of warm sunshine is a characteristic of many storks, and a pair which live in the Southern Aviary irradiate themselves endlessly. Incidentally, there is something rather touching about the behaviour of these particular birds. Being a mated pair they seldom separate for long. On a hot day they usually settle down together in the sunniest spot they can find.

The female, however, sun-worshipper though she is, likes to have the direct rays kept off her head, a peculiarity of which her mate, in some uncanny way, appears to be fully aware; for as soon as his lady has composed herself, he stands constantly over her, shielding her head and neck with his body, and generally doing "guard duty" while his partner dozes. This chivalrous conduct of the male bird charms all who see it and bears witness to the wonderful devotion for which mated storks are noted.

END

Wasp Waists (Continued from page 29)

very little petrol without deliberately adding to them by increasing our discomforts and lowering our vitality for the meagre advantage of being in the fashion.

Were it not that in the past women have made such paragons of endurance of themselves, "*pour être belle*," I would refuse to believe my sex are prepared to succumb to the dictates of dress designers lost to all sense of the fitness of things, but history has a knack of repeating itself, and it is not only in the matter of corsets that women have suffered self-inflicted tortures.

They have worn shoes that deformed and tortured their feet, heels high enough to throw their gait so out of gear that health and digestion were ruined, on their heads they have erected wire contraptions that supported

anything from an aigrette to a pink silk mouse, so that the slightest movement caused the edifice to tremble. Last, but not least, they have padded their own hair with wads of false hair and "sausage rolls," so fantastic in size and shape as to produce grotesque results, devastating headaches, and baldness.

But do not let us despair! After every really bad fashion, or government, or mode of life, or method of bringing-up children has held sway for a while, strong reaction sets in and it may be that small waists will, on the rebound, win for us some special advantage that will mean extra comfort and freedom, with extra grace and beauty. In any case, their passing will be hailed by the "common-sensible" as a death in freedom's cause!

END



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Beyond The Grey Moat (Continued from page 16)

Amsterdammers sauced their food with memories of the last winter of the German occupation, when they were reduced to eating sugar beet cooked on little fires made of wood gathered in the country. We lunched. A dozen bearded oysters—they always beard their plump oysters here; a whole cold chicken between two; salad; a fresh-fruit *compôte* made up of six kinds of fruit, including strawberries and raspberries; a delicate cheese; a bottle of a light, dry wine.

IN the evening we dined at the Old Cellar. A dozen bearded oysters again. A great dish of grilled chicken *à la Maryland* with mushrooms and bacon, more than we could eat, with salad and game chips. An enormous *soufflé*. Bols, and a couple of bottles of a fine Chablis.

For lunch next day, smoked eels, and a tender steak *bearnaise*.

The 3.45 p.m. Pullman express took us to Brussels. If you wanted dinner on the Dutch side, you had to eat at five and pay in Dutch money; otherwise you ate at seven and paid in Belgian money. We ate at seven. Soup, poached turbot, roast beef, gateau, cream cheese, a bottle of Verve Cliquot. The double Customs accounted for an hour of the 'five-hours' run. A British passport was very useful. Nobody bothered us. We didn't have to open a bag.

Plenty of porters and plenty of taxis. Brussels was lighted up like Broadway.

We bypassed the obvious smart restaurants and lunched at the Petite Louvain in the fish market. That's where the Brussels gourmets go. They brought us several chickens to inspect. They were very special chickens from Malines. We selected one. While we were waiting for it to be grilled, *cou-cou de Malines*, and served with chips and salad, we had thin slices of Alsatian smoked ham, and the white Bordeaux was opened. We finished up with a *compôte* of fresh fruit with cream, and let the cheese, several kinds on a big platter, go by.

The morning Paris express rushed us in a thin sunshine over flooded fields. Again a double Customs—passports, money, baggage. The officials didn't bother us as they came through the train. We didn't have to open a bag, and the Belgian khaki-clad men were especially genial. "British?" They smiled, saluted, and passed on.

We got to St. Quentin at 11.30, and then the mistletoe trees began, and kept on. I

thought of the scarcity of mistletoe in England at Christmas, the high price, the import-and-export licences. What a crazy, departmentalized world we live in! The stuff grows here like fabulous birds' nests high on every tree in sight.

At the Gare du Nord there were plenty of porters but no taxis. The drivers, shrugged the porter, had knocked off for lunch. He suggested the Metro. I waved two 100-franc notes. Before devaluation, that was about 9s. Now, it's 5s. A 100-franc note is a big tip in France to-day. He dived into the traffic and presently returned riding a captured taxi.

When last I was in Paris, in mid-1946, you couldn't get a good meal except in a black market restaurant, of which there were 300 or 400, mostly under police protection, American prohibition-era style. At the Auberge du Père Louis, off the Rond Point, celebrated for its spit-cooked chickens roasted before a great wood fire, there were no chickens. You could have only one main dish, and it was small and poor. Prices, with the franc at 480, were staggering.

Now, Paris was wide open. Prices were on the high side, but you could have anything you wanted, and welcome. I lunched a stag party of four, *escargots*, juicy steaks done rare with chips and salad, Brie, and fruit, and a couple of bottles of Pommard, for something over 4,000 francs, or say £5.

Prices of clothes and shoes run very high for the French and they're not buying. A good deal of New Look in the smart places, little of it in the streets and cafés. It's not attractive. Makes most women look bunched and as though their clothes don't fit. The whole thing suggests an early diesel engine, cumbersome and over-heavy. One of the leading *coutouriers*, male, after a good lunch and a bottle of Bollinger, grinned and admitted that it was not yet "just so." In time, he thought, the fashion would "fine down."

High up on the roof of the France-Soir building, in the Fleet Street of Paris, we looked out at the far-flung panorama of Paris, terraced on its hills, and Roger Feral, talking, gave us a glimpse of the changing France as its health slowly returns. Here, they were full of enterprise, plans, energy. They were over the worst hump. Little by little, everything was improving. In another year, even the franc would be good, sound money.

Seeing what the franc has been, that was certainly a paean of hope.

END

In Search Of Glamour (Continued from page 42)

an elderly Chinaman. He gave you chiropody, pedicure, foot and leg massage. I found him working at a hairdresser's on the Riviera, the summer of last year and he made my feet feel like new. You can get pedicure, as well as chiropody, at Arden's.

The most pleasant bathroom luxury for any woman is an eau-de-Cologne friction used directly you step from the bath, and before you dry yourself with the bath towel. It costs very little to keep several different kinds of Cologne in the bathroom and use some for day and some for evening. Atkinson's eau-de-Cologne is excellent, the 1 oz. bottle costs 4s. 7d; 2 oz. 7s. 10d.; and the

4 oz. 13s. 3d. Arden's Flower Mist, which makes an excellent friction, is labelled Jasmine, June Geranium or Blue Grass. The Blue Grass is difficult to get. The June Geranium makes a perfect morning after-bath friction and the Jasmine an evening after-bath friction. Caron, the famous French perfume maker, has an extract called Royal Bain de Champagne. This is a wonderful after-bath friction if you are going to wear your best evening dress and go out dancing. Chanel's eau-de-Colognes make a wonderful after-bath friction, but unfortunately they are not on sale in London. You can only get the extract.

END

Who Remembers Newgate?

(Continued from page 20)

one hundred years later, in 1780, it went up in flames again, one of the targets of the Gordon rioters. The larger and more imposing building that replaced it remained in use until 1881 and stood for twenty years more—an anachronism among the new "model" prisons that had since arisen in London.

Many writers have described the grim conditions that prevailed at Newgate, the overcrowding, the squalor and the lack of any real attempt at correction. Dickens, in his *Scenes of London Life*, has given a vivid

sketch of the prison as it was about 1830, when reforms were beginning to be made. Even then a sense of hopelessness pervaded the whole place. The boy pickpockets seemed to him especially hardened characters. "There was not one redeeming feature among them," he wrote, "not a glance of honesty, not a wink expressive of anything but the gallows and the hulks in the whole collection." He found the men idling their time away, without any occupation at all. Visiting the chapel, he was fascinated by the special pew reserved for the (Continued on page 56)

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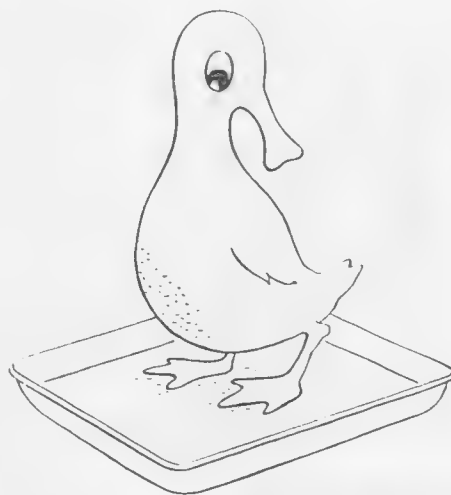


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condemned. It was, incidentally, not long before this that the wretched condemned men were still forced to sit there on the Sunday before their execution with their coffin, as an awful warning, beside them.

Newgate had particularly shocked John Howard, the first of the great prison reformers, who visited it just before the Gordon rioters burned it down and released three hundred of its prisoners. His determined efforts at improvement here and elsewhere were nobly backed up by Elizabeth Fry, who made the female inmates of Newgate her special care from 1813 onwards. She fought for separation of the sexes, classification of offenders, proper supervision and suitable instruction, none of which existed at Newgate in her time. But twenty years later the place was still notorious for the drunkenness and gambling of its inhabitants, and in 1864—people still could be publicly executed then—the hanging of a Newgate prisoner was attracting a ghoulish crowd that struggled and shoved to get a view of the scaffold.

As old as Newgate and as evil in its different way was the Fleet Prison, that stood on the east side of Farringdon Street. Once it had been the gaol for Star Chamber

Who Remembers Newgate?

victims, but since 1640 it had been given over entirely to debtors.

In the eighteenth century the place became a byword for its Fleet marriages, illicit weddings without banns or licence, performed inside and outside the prison by parsons imprisoned for debt. It was a paying business, this old version of Gretna Green, and the unscrupulous clerics employed touts to decoy young couples into certain taverns, or even into the Fleet itself, to be joined in unofficial matrimony.

The Fleet was abolished in 1842, the same year as the Marshalsea, the Southwark debtors' prison that dated from the fourteenth century. In 1855, the Bridewell closed, the "House of Correction," which had originated as a royal palace in the time of Henry VIII, and about the same time the disreputable old Clink at Bankside went. One by one the ill-famed landmarks were disappearing, and in their place Pentonville, the new "model" gaol built in 1840, stood as proof that the more enlightened ideas of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry were gaining headway.

END

Youth's A Stuff Will Not Endure

(Continued from page 19)

even in advance of her day, in which all noble ladies were educated equally with their brothers, but with all these advantages, we are never once told that she lingered in an English land with a lad, or found a rose tossed in at her chamber-window by a young and ardent lover. Perhaps . . . perhaps she liked to delude herself that these fantastic compliments were real.

At all events, she glanced once in the mirror at her own head, sparsely covered by stringy sandy locks turning a yellowish-grey, then at the gleaming red-gold perruque in the Italian's hand, and smiled, looking sideways down her long nose.

"You are a flatterer, Guiseppe," she said, "but I may say that others have told me the same. Come, let me see your handiwork."

"Ecco!" said Guiseppe with conscious pride, as he settled the wig in its place. Dawson brought a gorgeous hanging necklet of pearls, and handed it to him to drape over the high ascending slope of the curled erection. A pendant of pearls, diamonds, and rubies fell in the exact centre of her forehead.

"Your Grace has never looked more beautiful," said Dawson, falling back in affected rapture.

"For me, I can but sigh," said the Italian.

The Queen looked at herself for a long time in silence. Her face and neck had been thickly whitened, her cheeks carefully reddened, her eyelids darkened. Yet, short-sighted as she was, her own heart knew that she was old, raddled, and ugly. She sat there very still, her lips tightened. Dawson shot a glance at Guiseppe, but he, like most Italians, being an adept at thought-reading . . . indeed, in this case it was hardly difficult . . . remarked in a casual way as he began picking up the tools of his trade. . . .

"She hath not your Grace's wit, nor the brain-power that lieth behind that brow, but it is strange how often I am minded of the young gold-haired lady-in-waiting, the Lady Alice Delahaye, when I look at your Majesty. She hath a certain beauty, that one. It may be that when she shall have reached the full grace of maturity, she shall resemble your Majesty even more, and be by so much the more beautiful."

He had struck a sure chord. Alice Delahaye . . . lovely golden-haired Alice, young and gracious and graceful . . . they were alike? "Where is the Lady Alice?" was all she said, but the cloud cleared from her brow.

"Here, your Grace," said Alice, who had been waiting in the outer room until she should be required. She came in, still carrying the beribboned ghittern, on which she had been gently strumming to wile away the time.

The Queen gazed up at the young face that

had no need to fear the daylight, the eyes glowing with the secret of the coming night. Did she indeed resemble this vision of youth and sweetness?

"Sing to us, child," she said.

"What shall I sing, your Majesty?"

"Master Will Shakespeare hath writ a pleasant little lyric in his play that we saw on Twelfth Night. How does it go? 'O Mistress Mine . . . your true love's coming . . .'? Nay, I have forgot. But you have sung it me before. Sing it now."

Alice softly tuned her ghittern and sang. Her voice was fresh and young.

"O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

Stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,

Journeys end in lovers' meeting.

Every wise man's son doth know."

"Bellissima," whispered the Italian under his breath. The Queen smiled, and nodded her head to the cadence of the song.

"What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.

Present mirth hath present laughter.

What's to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty.

Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-Twenty

Youth's a stuff will not endure . . . not endure."

The Queen sprang to her feet, lightnings flashing from her brown almond eyes.

"Have done," she cried discordantly.

"'Tis a vile song . . . vilely sung. Begone, and you too, Guiseppe. Dawson . . . my mantle. I am for the Council Chamber."

She swept from the room like a tornado.

"Ho, la-la-la," said Guiseppe, gathering up his implements. "All women should die at twenty-five."

"A fine world you'd make of it, all closetings and cuddlings," said Dawson. "Poor soul. Not I for a crown, my Lady Alice."

"Hey-hey, nor I," said Alice softly.

ALL day she went about her duties with her tender secret cupped in her bosom like a jewel in a satin bed. Never had the Queen been so perverse, so trying, or so difficult. She sat late playing cards with two of her gentlemen, whilst Alice huddled herself on a cushion by the great fire, trying to keep herself awake. All her life she remembered the scent of the bruised and dying rushes that had been freshly spread on the floor that morning. At long last the Queen rose, and would retire. Amid bowings and compliments and murmurings she was ushered to her own inner chamber, where the sleepy Dawson awaited her.

A clock was striking midnight, as Alice crept along the corridor, and all was very still, as she made her way to the quarters of the gentlemen-in-waiting. (Continued on page 58)

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You guess her
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Phillips' Texture and Cleansing
Creams containing *'Milk of
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Convenient,

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'Milk of Magnesia' * Tablets, by
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They are pleasantly mint-
flavoured; convenient to take
whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'
(Regd.)
TABLETS

30 Tablets 1/3—75 Tablets 2/6

* Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Like a mouse she crept, carrying her high-heeled slippers, dark red with gilt lacings, in her hand.

Now she was at the door of Harry's room. With trembling fingers she tapped, fearful lest a sound should betray her to any without. Instantly the door swung open, and Harry's arms drew her within.

"Hey!" said the sleepy chaplain. "The bride at last!"

"Do your office speedily, sir, for God's grace," said Harry, still holding his sweetheart in the warm strength of his right arm. The chaplain rose, and shook off his drowsy humour.

"Come then," he said. "Stand you both before me. Where are your two witnesses? Sleeping, I'll warrant."

Harry whistled softly, and his man-at-arms and a page came, from the inner apartment, rubbing their eyes.

"Here they be, good father," he said, "now swing to it, for God's favour."

Never surely was so strange a wedding, by the light of the leaping fire, and the two candles on the hastily arranged altar, a side-table, covered by a white linen cloth. All was soon accomplished, and Harry, with his wife's hand in his own, smiled as he bade them good-night.

"Faith, you may leave us now, father," he said.

"I warrant you," said the cheerful chaplain. "God send my head firm on my shoulders when this comes to the Queen. S . . . st, you knaves. Leave your master for this night. I trow he hath little need of you."

And the servants crept softly away, leaving Harry and Alice clasped in one another's arms.

DAWN was beginning to melt the shadows and gild the floors and panelling, when Alice softly made her way back along the still corridors. All went well, until she turned the corner into the darker passage, windowless, for greater safety, in which lay the Queen's own chamber. Candles, lit the night before, had burned themselves away into huddled drippings of wax in their sconces.

"Halt. In the Queen's name," said a harsh voice.

Alice stood still, her hand to her heart. It was so dark that neither could see the other's face, but she guessed that it was the sentry on guard by the Queen's door. She should have thought, she should have remembered, that she must pass him to reach her own chamber, beyond. Then, in a confused whirl of fearful thought, there came to her a plan. She could but try it. All was twilight and dark, and she was tall, and red-headed, slim. She drew herself up and spoke, in fierce, commanding tones. "Hey-day?" she said, "may not the Queen of England pass upon her lawful occasions?"

She heard the man's pike grounding on the passage floor with a crash.

"Majesty," he stammered, "I have not known. I had not seen. This pesky darkness. The candles are burned out."

"It is forgiven, since you watch so well," said Alice, still speaking in the fierce ringing tones she knew so intimately. "Let me pass then, and for your life's sake say nothing." And some imp of mischief, born of the excitement of the night, made her add: "What, may not the Queen love like other women sometimes?"

She heard the man give a faint chuckle.

"Your Grace's secrets are safe with your servant," he said, and drew himself straight in a salute. Still with stretched neck and queenly port, walking as Elizabeth would walk, "high and disposedly," she passed on to the further doorway, and shut it behind her.

A FIGURE stood in the window, gazing out at the dawn over Greenwich, a tall figure with head held high, the faint light gleaming on the fine arched nose and thin subtle lips and pointed chin. It was the Queen who stood there alone, in her velvet bedgown. "And she comes creeping back in the dawn," she said, in a thin bleak voice. "So my ladies-in-waiting serve me. I call, and there is no answer, I rise and seek her, and she is not. Speak, child, and you shall be forgiven.

Youth's A Stuff Will Not Endure

Lie, and you shall lie indeed, in the Tower, beshrew me if I myself do lie."

What prompted her, Alice never knew; perhaps she was utterly exhausted, perhaps her nerves were overstrung. With one swift rush, she was on her knees at the Queen's feet, clasping her with her arms, and sobbing like a pitiful child. The Queen looked down at her for a moment, then gently raised her.

"Come to the fire, my child," she said, in a voice Alice had never heard from her before.

She drew the weeping girl-wife into her own room, and seating herself in the armchair by the still burning logs, motioned Alice to the stool at her feet.

"Tell me all," she said, still speaking softly, as a mother might speak to her daughter.

And Alice told. Elizabeth listened in complete silence, until she came to the moment when she had counterfeited herself to be the Queen.

"And so the man-at-arms by the door thinks that I, the Queen of England, have been creeping out to hold an amour with one of my gentlemen," she said in a voice devoid of all expression.

"Your Grace, I will tell all. . . ." sobbed Alice. "None shall think it. Nay, none ever would think it."

"None ever would hev?" said the Queen. She frowned, biting her finger-tip. "How if I choose that they should think it?" she said at last.

"My understanding marches not with yours, Madam."

"Who would think it?" repeated the elderly Queen, with bitterness and gall in her voice. Then she rose. "Get you to bed, child, and sleep. I'll warrant you have need of it. And hark ye. None is to know that you were abroad this night. I myself will have converse with your father the earl. You shall be wed again in the Chapel Royal, and the Queen will be present. It is my royal will. And I shall say privately to your father, that you took on yourself to play the part of having been abroad this night, to save the good name of your Queen. So that he must for your good name's sake, allow this marriage."

Alice fell on her knees, kissing the lovely hand of the woman beside her, that hand whose loveliness dwells in portraiture even to this day.

"Madam, O Madam, dear lady and sovereign. . . . You do this for me?"

"Mayhap. Mayhap. You have served me well for four years." How old are you now? Twenty? What did the song say. . . . 'Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-Twenty. . . . Youth's a stuff. . . .' She broke off. "Get you to your bed. And before you do so, send Dawson to me . . . with ale."

"I do not yet rightly understand," said Mistress Hulbert to her husband, as they sat together by their own fireside, in the little old manor-house on the Mendip Hills, some few weeks later. She rose, and threw another log on the fire, so that the whole room blazed into beauty. "I do not understand," she said again. "For some, such as good Mistress Dawson, would have it that the Queen did this thing for love of me, and troth . . . none could have been kinder. But others, such as Guiseppe the Italian . . . for I warrant you it was well talked out in the Queen's chamber . . . the Italian would have it that the Queen wished men to think she had an amour. And that it was for that, that she did as she did. I have known her for four years, Harry, and I have never yet come at what she would be thinking. Nor, I believe, has any other. But the Italian says that when a woman is old and cannot please, she would have it to be thought that she is still able to allure. And so she let it be thought that it was indeed she, creeping from her chamber at night to the gentlemen's quarters. I know not. What think you, my love?"

Harry Hulbert stared into the fire in silence. Then he shook his head.

"I know not neither," he said. And as he drew her down on to his knee again in the firelight, he added with a laugh. . . . "nor, heart of my heart, do I greatly care!"

END



Dressed in the old version of the New Look decorative Lizbeth Webb gives a charming performance in "Bless the Bride" at the Adelphi Theatre. Offstage, 1948 fashions again insist on hips but skirts stop short of hiding Nylons and the new Clarks Shoes.



C. & J. CLARK, LIMITED (WHOLESALE ONLY), STREET, SOMERSET



"I must say it's good to be back! Mind you, I've been fairly rushed off my feet, serving glasses of Robinson's. It has been 'Hethers, another glass, please'; 'Hethers, some more Barley Water'; Hethers here, there and everywhere. But bless you, madam, it's been a real treat to see you all enjoying your Robinson's again. I reckon it's one of nature's artful dodges to make a drink taste so nice that's so good for a body at the same time. Certainly, madam, and another glass for the little one too? Just coming sir."

ROBINSON'S
LEMON BARLEY WATER

The Moment Of Revelation

(Continued from page 28)

eyes of Fernside his voice died away. Fascinated by the suddenly unleashed wrath in Fernside's face, he knew that in spite of the tremendous control the big man was imposing on himself, his own life hung in the balance.

"You thought you were smart as the devil, didn't you? But I have proof—"

"Proof?"

The word exploded from Chancellor's taut lips. There was an incredulity and amazement in his voice that almost choked Fernside with blind rage.

"Proof—yes, proof! Damn you! Proof enough to warrant my taking you in my two hands and tearing you to pieces!"

Chancellor stood, blanched and dismayed, watching Fernside fighting again to recapture the flimsy remaining thread of his self-control.

When Fernside spoke again his voice was still harsh, but he had moved a little way back towards self control. "Keep your mouth shut," he commanded.

He reached out suddenly and took the overseer's revolver. Involuntarily Chancellor flinched, and his employer's lips twisted derisively.

"You don't have to be scared—yet," he said slowly. "As we both know, you are a crack shot—can shoot the eye out of a crocodile thirty or forty feet away—maybe further—so we'll be on the safe side."

He broke the revolver, removed the cartridges, and handed it back to Chancellor who took it mechanically and restored it to its holster, while Fernside tossed the shells into a drawer of the desk.

Noting that he closed the drawer without slamming it, Chancellor took hope. It indicated Fernside's self-control was steadily returning. There might be a chance yet, even if faint, that this terrible crisis would pass without bloodshed—without his being murdered—murdered over that little bitch, Rene.

If only he dared try and explain the whole business—!

"If you don't provoke me by trying to lie your way out of it, I won't kill you," growled Fernside.

Satisfied that his grim warning had registered, he went on, "You've both been devilishly clever. I'll grant you that. I gained nothing by watching you."

He paused, and his big frame shuddered as emotion swept him again, but he went on, his voice husky.

"I don't want to put all the blame on you—not all of it. That's why I haven't killed you out of hand. It was partly my own fault for going down the coast for a week after more labour, and leaving my wife here with a man who seized the opportunity to betray her and me."

"When I came back I suspected nothing. Why should I?" he laughed harshly. "I know all this is bloody theatrical, and I'm going to cut it, as short as possible. You wonder how I got the proof?" His voice was bitter with loathing and wounded pride. "You and I read a lot, Chancellor. My wife calls you Jimmy. You remember Parisina?"

Chancellor could have quoted odd lines about her from Byron's poem. He could have quoted other lines about her from Gibbon. Yes, he knew the story of Parisina, the unfortunate girl-wife of the Marquis of Este. Parisina had fallen in love with Hugo.

Well, what about it? What was Fernside getting at, dragging Parisina in? Suddenly the overseer felt a chill stealing across his brain, numbing it with fear. The lines of the poem burned in his mind:

"But fever'd in her sleep she seems,
And red her cheeks with troubled dreams,
And mutters she in her unrest
A name she dare not breathe by day,
And clasps her lord unto the breast
Which pants for one away."

He noticed Fernside's eyes watching him, savagely gloating and mocking.

"I see you begin to understand, my dear Hugo."

A pulse in Chancellor's throat began to beat. Again his upper lip began to twitch. In tatters of fire the verse danced in his brain. Rene must have murmured "Jimmy" in her sleep. How damned stupid! He felt sick and giddy. So this was Fernside's proof! Understanding burst upon him and left him appalled and shaken.

Just so must Fernside have been appalled and horror-stricken as he "clasped her sleeping to his heart and listened to each broken word." Just as Nicholas III—the Prince Azo of Byron's poem—had been appalled! What greater proof could outraged husband have than to hear his sleeping wife murmur the name of her lover as she slept in his arms?

Chancellor, as in a dream, heard Fernside's voice rasping on, each syllable dinning against his brain like a note of doom.

He had completely lost the thread of some of what Fernside had said. The big man's voice was sneering and savage and bitter. "It makes it easier for me that you understand, Chancellor—that I don't have to go into details that would be abhorrent to me. I don't think I could bring myself to that, because of the respect in which I still hold my wife."

His face was working, and again Chancellor feared that Fernside's control would snap.

He could imagine Rene murmuring in her sleep—"Jimmy"—just one word, and in murmuring it she had let all hell loose around their ears. Useless to attempt to explain anything to this implacable, emotion-torn husband of hers. Prince Azo must have worn just that expression as he watched Hugo's bright head severed on the block at Este.

Fernside's voice was droning on: "It would be just retribution if I killed you, Chancellor. But that would get us nowhere."

The big man paused and then resumed more loudly: "I thought of shooting you. I could explain it as either suicide or accident. No one would suspect me. Although I say it myself, you will agree I have a reputation for fair dealing in these parts. No one would doubt my word, but I don't want your death to widen the barrier you built between my wife and me. There is no reason why my wife and I shouldn't live out the rest of our lives happily together. It makes it easier that I can blame myself a lot. And I blame her not at all."

Fernside went on: "I'm not going to dismiss you. I shall let you stay on."

For the first time Chancellor thought it was safe to speak and he said: "Don't you think it would be better if I went away? After all—"

Fernside slammed the table and snarled: "No! You shall stay. If you were to go, the few white people in these parts would wonder what was the reason for your sudden departure, and come very close to the truth. No, I have decided you shall stay. It will make no difference, because you won't have another opportunity—you know what I mean!"

Chancellor's face was pale with exhaustion. He felt infinitely weary. "I understand," he said.

The overseer vanished into the darkness. He blundered down the track to where his horse was waiting for him, the reins held in the prehensile toes of a native who was lying flat on his back and crooning to himself.

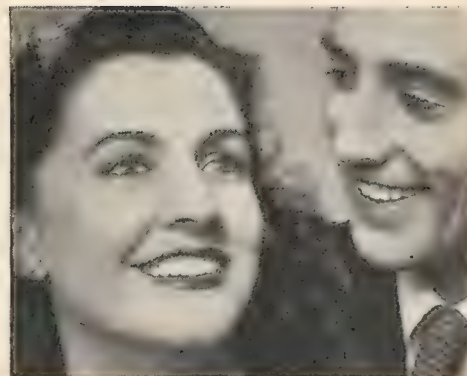
The overseer mounted his horse and rode off into the night. He had been so close to death in the past few minutes—or was it hours—that the night seemed strange about him.

"And it's not all over yet," he murmured. "Oh, Rene, what a little swine you are!"

The horse picked its way carefully along the track, and back at the plantation homestead, Fernside listened to the fading hoofbeats.

Someone else was also listening to the vanishing hoof beats of Chancellor's horse. White-faced and

(Continued on page 62)



Her Smile

attracts him . . .

All women know the value of a lovely smile . . . don't be careless, keep it bright with Odol, the toothpaste with the 'Balanced 8,' that wonderful formula of eight vital ingredients scientifically blended to whiten teeth without scratching, to preserve teeth and gums and leave the mouth deliciously refreshed.

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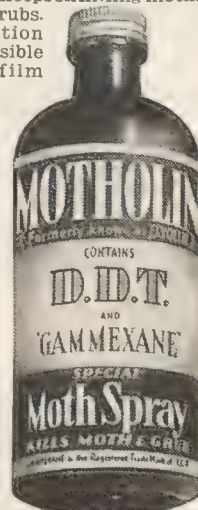
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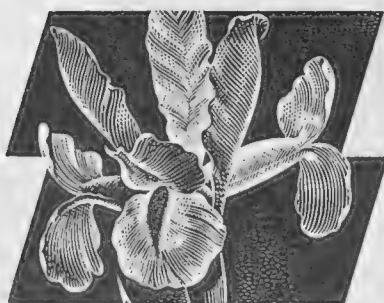
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MOTH damage every year

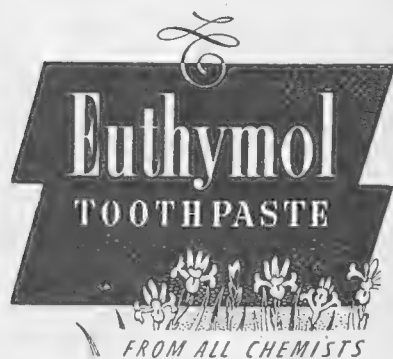
This is the Board of Trade's estimate of moth damage every year in the warehouses in this country. Think of the colossal damage caused by moths in the millions of homes to clothes, woollen materials, bedding, curtains, carpets, furnishing fabrics and so on, damaged beyond repair and practically irreplaceable in these difficult times. Housewives will welcome the news that from now on moth damage can be prevented. Obviously prevention is the best policy and *MOTHOLIN is the best prevention—a new highly concentrated insecticide, containing DDT and Gammaxane, scientifically prepared to kill moths AND their grubs. *MOTHOLIN kills moths immediately and keeps on killing moths AND their grubs. One application forms an invisible protective film lasting up to six months. *MOTHOLIN renders clothes and furs moth-proof without leaving any trace of stain or smell and is harmless to the most delicate fabrics. Get a bottle today, price 3/6d. from Boots, T. M. O. H. Y. Whites, Taylors or from any chemist or stores.

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Morning
Freshness*



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JUMPER
LEAFLET 622



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terror-stricken, the beautiful young mistress of Likobi cowered back into the darkness. She was still shaking. In those crowded minutes when her husband's voice, strange and inhuman in its rage, had roared and threatened the overseer, she had momentarily expected sudden murder. Part of what her husband had said was incomprehensible to her. She had never heard of Parisina. But she knew that her infidelity had somehow become known to Fernside in spite of all the trouble she had taken to keep him unaware of it.

In spite of all the rubbish he and Jimmy Chancellor loved to jabber about from their books, Fernside was a fool. But now she feared him. His behaviour to-night was that of a madman. She could not face the monotony of life on Likobi with him as a faithful wife, and after this it would be more than her life was worth to try and cheat again.

Inch by inch she edged away. In her bedroom she pulled on a pair of jodhpurs and riding boots. She went to her dressing-table and swept up what jewels she had stowed away in the drawers. After the exhibition in his office she knew that Robert Fernside was not a husband one could safely say good-bye to—not this sort of good-bye.

She stole softly across the veranda, fearful to make a sound that might arouse his attention back there in the office. Noiselessly she stole down the track and vanished into the night.

She need not have worried. Fernside, his face pillowed on his arms, heard nothing. He lay sprawled in a stupor of reaction, unmoving, while the minutes dragged by into hours until daylight straggled through the windswept palm tops.

Then he rose wearily and stared about him. Methodical and deliberate as ever, he straightened the odds and ends on his desk and went quietly to his wife's bedroom. He found it empty. He stared about him, took in the open drawers and other evidences of hurried departure. Blindly he stumbled about the room. She had left no note of explanation or farewell. After all, an explanation was scarcely needed.

The weariness that had clogged his limbs and senses vanished. In spite of his bulk, Fernside moved swiftly and lightly as he hurried down the steps, calling for a native to saddle his horse and buckling on his revolver. The lovers would be on their way now, but he would catch up with them if it took him years. Probably they would have gone by launch. He spurred his horse down to the river and galloped in the direction of the landing stage.

The launch was still there. They had decided to brazen it out. He was surprised that Chancellor had ignored the means of escape offered by the launch. Obviously, the overseer had plucked up his courage and intended to rely on his greater speed and accuracy with a revolver. Well, it did not matter which one of them was shot, or whether it was both of them, or the three of them, for that matter.

He realized that his horse was panting, and slowed down. There was Chancellor's place just ahead and there, by God, of all things, was Chancellor sitting on the veranda quietly having a cup of tea!

Rene would be inside—it was just as well.

Fernside felt a vengeful triumph surging up in him as he saw Chancellor's smile vanish, his face pale with alarm as he rose hurriedly from his chair. The plantation owner hauled his sweating horse to a halt and swung to the ground as lightly as a jockey.

"Get your revolver and come down here or I'll shoot you where you stand!" he snarled.

"I—wait, Bob—I—"

Fernside's bellow of wrath made the horse throw up its head and leap away in sudden fright.

"Get it, quicktime, or I'll shoot you now!"

Chancellor fumbled reluctantly at the revolver which hung suspended in its holster on the wall opposite him. His face was working and his left hand was raised in his anxiety to placate Fernside.

The Moment Of Revelation

"Listen—listen, please, Bob, if you'll—if you'll just give me a chance—"

"I'll give you till I count three—just that long—no longer! If you open your mouth again before then I'll shoot you at the first word."

Reluctantly, stiffly, Chancellor descended the steps. There was no alternative. On legs that were a little uncertain, he went down slowly, step by step, till he reached the ground and faced the coldly resolute man before him. To speak was to be shot down.

"Stand there! At five yards I can't miss you, but I'll give you your chance. I'm going to count three, and then we both fire. One!"

It was kill or be killed. Chancellor's lips thinned. For the first time his eyes met Fernside's. It would be suicide to utter a word. Very well, then. He would have to anticipate Fernside's count. He would talk to the madman when he had him safely on the ground.

"Two!"

As Fernside spoke, Chancellor's revolver flashed up and roared. The bullet caught Fernside in the shoulder and swung him about. The big man staggered from the shock of the bullet, but he swung round again.

"Now, damn you, will you listen—?"

Chancellor's cry choked off as Fernside's revolver exploded and a bullet thudded into the younger man's chest. His knees bent beneath him and he collapsed to the ground.

Fernside's fingers relaxed on his revolver. It fell to the ground. The fingers of his right hand were unable to pick it up. He grabbed it with his left hand and walked towards the overseer.

"A cheat to the last, you swine!" he muttered. "You beat the count—but it didn't save you."

He looked at the limp body. There was neither regret nor satisfaction on his face. There was another accounting yet. Where was Rene?

Fernside looked up at the veranda, expecting to see her standing there, white-faced and terrified, ready to scream for mercy. But the veranda was empty. A hundred yards away he saw the native labourers huddled and staring.

Then he became aware that another native was standing at his elbow, and had muttered several times in a frightened whisper: "Taubada—inai—riva-riva."

Fernside turned to him. "What did you say? A letter!"

Fernside took the envelope. With a tremendous effort he concentrated on the note and read:

"Dear Bob—I couldn't tell you last night because you would have killed me if I had ventured to try. It is hard for me to tell you even now, but I can't see what good it is going to be to any of us if I don't. And you should know the truth."

"Don't think I blame you, old man, but there are more 'jimmys' than one. There is another at Maitai-ia, just down the river from you. It hurts me terribly to write this, but I can see no benefit for any of us by my allowing Spillane to hide behind me. As you wronged me last night, Bob, I ask you as my right to grant me this favour. For the sake of everybody concerned, old boy, don't act hastily. Remember, I am your friend, and a friend is someone to talk things over with. When you read this, Bob, please, for God's sake, don't go to Rene—don't go to Spillane—come right over here and talk things out with me. I am sorry this is such an awful moment of revelation for you."

Fernside dully realized that his throat was making queer noises. "My friend! Oh, God in Heaven," he groaned. "My friend . . .!"

The native was edging away fearfully. Fernside suddenly realized that there was nothing in the world of any importance but the life of this friend whom he had falsely maligned and attempted to murder in blind jealousy. He yelled to the houseboy to bring the medicine chest while he set to work to save the life he had sought to kill.

The tropics drowsed on in the increasing heat of the morning.

END

THE *New*
'FRILFORD'
MODEL



MINTY chairs again without permits

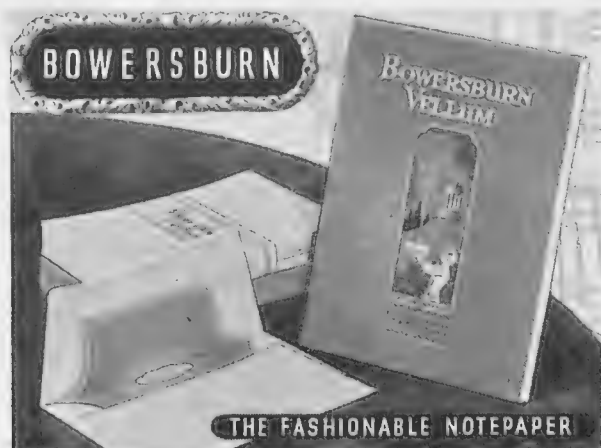
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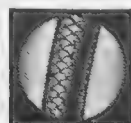
Kemt

MAGIC MIST
for hair beauty

Kemt-in-a-minute



Above: Magnified section of hair before spraying with Kemt. Looks rough and dull, lacks lustre



Above: Section of hair sprayed with Kemt. It is smooth, gleaming

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AHOY THERE!



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is BACK AGAIN**

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The Quality Soft Drink



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The Modernist (Continued from page 32)

"We've had a serious discussion, Fleur. We have been discussing your future."

"Go on," she said, as she sat at his side.

"Don't mind me."

"He has told me that he loves you," Coryton went on.

"He told you?" she asked in amazement.

"I didn't," Clissold put in, hurriedly. "At least. . . ."

"In the modern way," Coryton went on with increasing gravity. "I think of talking the situation over with the vicar this evening."

Fleur was watching her husband in silence. He met her glance with apparent gravity but she noticed the twinkle in his eye.

"You may incline to think that I am being rather drastic," he went on, "but it is my habit—due to my long business training—to face facts, however unpleasant they may be. And, above all, one must be tolerant and modern."

Clissold was watching Fleur and completely missed the wink with which Coryton concluded his statement.

"He overheard what I said to you," Clissold explained, and in spite of his nervousness, contempt crept into his voice.

"I couldn't help it. I was asleep behind that bush over there. But having overheard the declaration, I had to face the facts."

"Of course," Fleur agreed sweetly. "You were most indiscreet," she went on severely to Clissold.

"For a while, you will be fairly hard up, I suppose, particularly if the vicar cuts up as rough as you anticipate," Coryton went on. "But if one has love, money is of little moment. At heart, I'm a sentimentalist," he added blandly.

NEITHER of the others spoke so, after a moment or so, Coryton, who was enjoying

the whole affair, continued: "As a lawyer, you will probably be able to get your side of the business wholesale—or at a preferential rate. In the circumstances, I may not press for damages, but that, of course, is a matter for my lawyer."

"But this is monstrous!" Clissold protested. "It's a nightmare. You seem to be floundering deeper and deeper into an imaginary mess. All I said . . . didn't mean anything at all. It's just the kind of thing one does say."

"I think you'd better go home now and prepare the vicar," said Fleur. "It's no use arguing with John. I know that of old. If his mind's set on a thing he always gets it, sooner or later. I think he must have been meant for a bulldozer."

"Look here, if I apologize. . . ."

"My dear Clissold, you must see that to apologize for telling a girl that you love her, is the very worst form of insult," Coryton pointed out. "You would be merely adding insult to injury. No. I don't think you should apologize."

Suddenly, Fleur giggled.

"Go home!" she said. "If you don't I shall burst. Go home, you stupid. He's pulling your leg. He always does pull people's legs."

"Ah! Here's the tea," said Coryton.

"Have another cup, Clissold?"

"No, thanks," said that youth, bitterly.

"I've had enough. Quite enough!"

"Good-bye!" said Fleur.

And gravely, as the young man made his way homeward, she poured out her husband's tea.

"I'm glad—you great bully!" she said as she handed the cup to him. "He was getting rather tiresome."

END

Books (Continued from page 41)

genteel family which used to spend holidays with farm folk there, then suddenly ceased its visits for thirty years. Why? Love, naturally, comes into the question, which is tackled with her usual sensibility to character and background.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS has the journalist's genius for spotting the theme of the moment. In "*Behind the Curtain*" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) he tells the story of a young Russian torn between conflicting loyalties because his father was a Red Army officer who married an English governess, and he in turn falls in love with an English girl after the war. He reacts violently from a grim post-war Russia whose Iron Curtain is more than a protection against fire.

WHEN a country gentleman in reduced circumstances decides to open the ancestral home to P.G.'s, telling his wife: "when we've filled up Mendels you shan't saw wood and you shall be a lady again," obviously we are in for a comedy of manners. Lady Peck plays her conflicting pieces with skill in "*Veiled Destinies*" (Faber, 8s. 6d.).

TWO "You're telling me's" in the first two pages, two "goddams" in the third, an "O.K." in the fourth, and a "Yeah" in the fifth . . . yeah, It's That Man Peter Cheyney again, this time in "*Try Anything Twice*" (Collins, 8s. 6d.) with private investigator Nick Gale tackling the case of a scurrilous libel against a lovely lady who's about to marry. Not up to Lemmy Caution, perhaps, but shatteringly Cheynesque.

THERE are six lovelies in Mr. Shamus Frazer's "*Barbary Court*" (Chapman & Hall, 9s. 6d.) and they're all—would you credit it?—prisoned in a sort of luxury cavern under Sir Paul Barbary's country mansion pending possible harem developments. He's an eccentric speleologist—a cave man in more senses than one—and also has Nazi interests which fortunately cut across his Sultanic

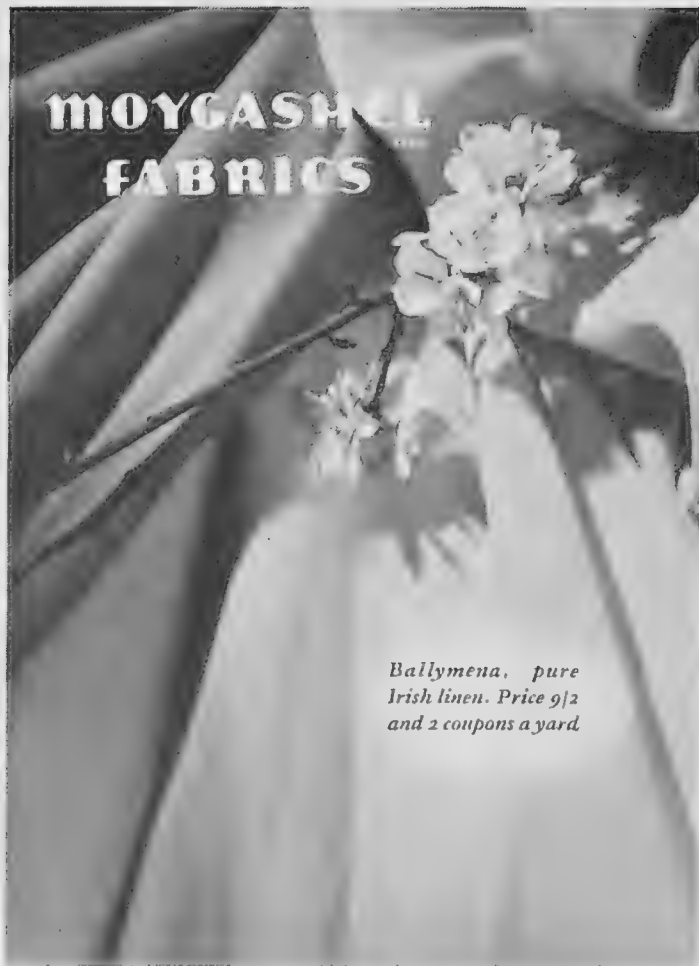
scheme. A diverting frolic which you may enjoy as a tall yarn with only a faintly satirical tie-up to real life.

THE kind, handsome, saintly young parson who triumphs over difficulties fits a nice old-fashioned story. Hilary's difficulties in Mrs. Agnes Sligh Turnbull's "*The Bishop's Mantle*" (Collins, 10s. 6d.) include a dangerous yamp, an irresponsible wife who will rush round cocktail parties and night joints, and a churchwarden with vice-property. Nobly he survives all these, and we leave him at last, in a mood of renunciation, slowly bowing his head upon the altar rail. . . .

THERE are some good "historicals" this month. Mrs. Margaret Campbell Barnes's "*Within the Hollow Crown*" (MacDonald, 10s. 0d.) is a mature study of Richard II; Mr. Frank O. Hough's "*The Neutral Ground*" (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), an 18th-century tale of feudal Westchester County darkened by seven years' war; Mr. Charles B. Judah's "*Tom Bone*" (Hammond, 12s. 6d.), a 17th-century action story of romantic adventure partly in the piratical Caribbean; Mr. A. B. Guthrie's "*The Big Sky*" (Boardman, 12s. 6d.), a tough U.S. pioneering yarn of the kind that always has Indians, trappers, buffalo, and a blunt old Uncle Zeb in it.

BOOKS of general interest specially recommended:

"*Nature Rambles in Spring*," the first of a new series by Kenneth Sparrow (Evans, 10s. 6d.), with colour illustrations by Russell Leslie. "*What Life Has Taught Me*" (Odams, 10s. 6d.), by twenty-five men and women whose names are household words. "*In The Steps of Shakespeare*" (Rich and Cowan, 12s. 6d.), a tour of the scenes in Shakespeare's plays by Russell Thorndike. "*Forewarned is Forearmed*," a history of the Royal Observer Corps by T. E. Winslow (Hodge, 12s. 6d.). "*Story of a Lake*," a reprint of the famous novel by Negley Farson (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). *(Continued on page 66)*



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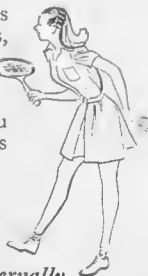
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Other Novels strongly recommended:
"The Great Snow," by Henry Morton Robinson (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.); "The Harp in the South," by Ruth Park (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.); "The Warped Mirror,"

Dainty Blouse (Continued from page 36)

Rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—* P. 2, w.r.n., p. 3 tog., w.r.n., p. 1; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1.

3rd row.—* K. 1, k. 2 tog., w.f.d., k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

4th row.—P. 2 tog., * w.r.n., p. 3 w.r.n., p. 3 tog.; rep. from * to the last 5 sts., w.r.n., p. 3, w.r.n., k. 2 tog.

Rep. these 4 rows 3 times more (12 rows in all).

Next 2 rows p.

Continue in main patt. until armhole measures 5½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 46 sts., cast off 11 sts., work 46 sts. Work on the last 46 sts. for 1½ ins., at the same time, casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 36 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 11 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows, cast off the remaining 13 sts. Return to the remaining 46 sts. and work to correspond.

BACK

With No. 11 needles cast on 119 sts. Work as for the front until armhole shaping.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows; k. 2 tog. at the beg. and end of every row until 90 sts. remain. Continue for 2 ins. Divide sts. for back opening.

Work 45 sts. Place the remaining 45 sts. on a spare needle, work on the first set of 45 sts. until armhole measures 6½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work for ½ in., at the same time cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 33 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

As for the front shoulder. Return to the 45 sts. on spare needle, join wool at centre front and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles cast on 79 sts. Rib

2 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Work ½ in. of main patt. Next 2 rows.—P. Work 12 rows lace patt. Next row.—P.

Next row.—Inc. as follows: p. 2, * inc. 1 st. into the next st., p. 6; rep. from * to the last 6 sts., p. 5, inc. into the last st. (91 sts.).

Change to No. 11 needles and work in main patt. until sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR (made in two halves)

With No. 13 needles cast on 65 sts., k. 2 rows garter st. Work 8 rows lace patt., keeping 2 sts. at each end in garter st. Cast off loosely.

EDGINGS

No. 13 needles, cast on 6 sts.

1st row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2, tog., k. 1.

2nd row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 (8 sts.).

3rd row.—Cast off 3 sts., k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

4th row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1. Work 2 strips to go each side of front lace panel.

Two strips to go round each half of collar. Two strips to go round each end of lower and top of lace band of sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up the shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew edgings each side of front lace panel and each side of lace sleeve band. Sew edgings round each half of collar. Sew on collar. Sew in sleeves. With a No. 1 steel

crochet hook, work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of back opening. Work button loops on the right-hand side of back opening. Press all seams and edgings. Sew on buttons. Stitch bow to centre front of neck. Thread elastic through holes at the lower edge of blouse.

Tailored Waistcoat (Continued from page 36)

Next row.—Work back inc. in last stitch.

Next row.—Inc. in first stitch. Work to end of row. Cast on 4 sts.

Next row.—Work back inc. in last stitch.

Next row.—Inc. in first stitch. Work to end of row. Cast on 4 sts.

Next row.—Work back, inc. in last stitch.

Next row.—Inc. in first stitch. Work to end of row. Cast on 4 sts.

Continue in patt. as for the last 9 rows, inc. 1 st. on every row at the front edge as before until 21 inc. in all have been worked at the front edge and at the same time, casting on 4 sts. at every alternate row at the side edge until 58 sts. on needle. Continue in patt., inc. one stitch at the side edge on the next and every 4th row following until 76 sts. and work measures 9½ ins. from the beg. of the side edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row, k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row 8 times (60 sts.). Work 5 rows.

SHAPE FOR FRONT

Dec. 1 st. at the front edge on the next and every 3rd row following until 50 sts. Then each end of every alternate row until 32 sts. remain, and armhole measures 7½ ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT: POCKET

With No. 11 needles cast on 30 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Leave on spare needle.

Work left front as for the right front until 60 sts.

Next row (Pocket).—Work in patt. across 15 sts., slip the next 30 sts. on to a

stitch-holder. Slip the 30 sts. of pocket from spare needle on to the left-hand needle. Work in patt. across these 30 sts. Work in patt. to end of row. Now continue as for the right front with shaping at the opposite edges.

Return to the 30 sts. on stitch-holder and with No. 11 needles, rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Cast off loosely in rib.

ARMHOLE BANDS

Join up shoulder seams. With right side of work facing and No. 12 needles, pick up and k. 150 sts. round armhole. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 6 rows. Cast off loosely.

FRONT BAND

Start at the left front with No. 12 needles, cast on 8 sts.

1st row.—K. 2*, p. 1, k. 1; rep from * to end.

2nd row.—* p. 1, k. 1; rep. from * to end. Rep. these 2 rows until sufficient to fit along the lower edge, round the point, up the front to centre back, then down the right front to the beg. of neck shaping. Make first buttonhole; k. 2, p. 1. Cast off 2 sts. Rib to end.

Next row.—Rib back to the cast-off sts. Cast on 2 sts. Rib to end. Continue working buttonholes on every 11th and 12th rows (9 buttonholes in all). Continue in rib until sufficient is worked to correspond with left front. Cast off.

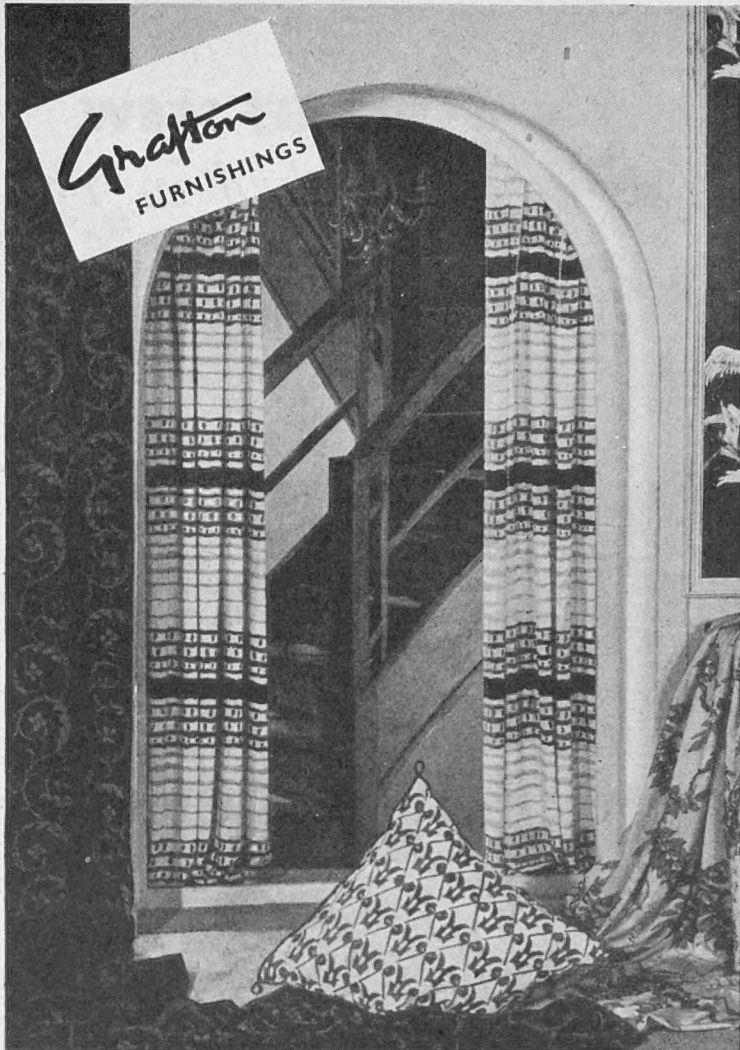
TO MAKE UP

Press fronts ONLY with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join side seams of back and fronts to within ½ in. of lower edge. Sew on the front band, easing round the points, joining the end of bands to the ½ in. overlap at the lower edge of back. Stitch down the pocket. Sew edges of pocket top. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

Books

by Almey St. John Adcock (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.); "Morning Glory," by B. Montagu Scott (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.).

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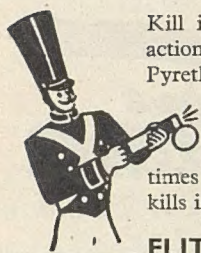


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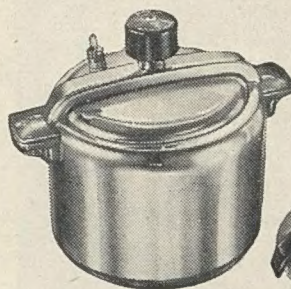
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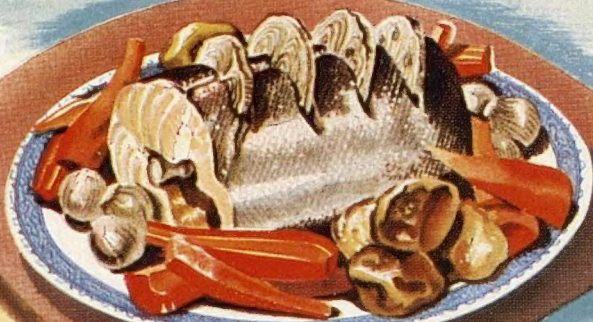


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satisfy good appetites with fish roast

2 lb. middle cut of cod, 8 oz. onions, 1 oz. fat or dripping, 1 level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper. Tomatoes can be used instead of onions.

Remove any fins and make about four shallow slashes across the back of the fish. Cut one of the onions into thick slices and place one of these in each slash. Dot the fish with fat or dripping, sprinkle with salt and pepper and put into a baking tin. Put the rest of the onions round the fish and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour until the fish is cooked. Baste once or twice during cooking.



other main meals with fish



BAKED STUFFED FISH

2 small haddock or whiting (about 1 lb. each), 6 oz. stale bread or crusts, soaked and squeezed, 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 level teaspoon mixed dried herbs, 1 level tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2 level teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ level teaspoon pepper, 1 level tablespoon browned breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dripping or cooking fat.

Clean fish, leave head and tail on. Beat bread with fork until smooth, add to parsley, herbs, onion and seasoning. Stuff fish with some of mixture; sew up with needle and coarse cotton; skewer into letter S form. Place in a baking tin, sprinkle with crumbs, dot with dripping. Arrange remainder of stuffing in balls round fish. Bake in moderate oven 15-20 minutes. Remove skewers and thread.

OVEN FRIED FISH

1 level tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, pinch of grated nutmeg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fillet of fish, cut in pieces, browned breadcrumbs.

Blend flour, salt, pepper and nutmeg with the milk. Dip the pieces of fish in this and then roll in browned crumbs. Arrange the fish in a well-greased pie-dish and cover with greased paper. Bake in a hot oven for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Note.—The fish can be sprinkled with salt and pepper and coated in breadcrumbs only. If it can be spared, up to 1 oz. cooking fat or dripping can be heated in the pie-dish before adding the fish.



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